

SPARKIE

AMERICA'S BELOVED RADIO PIXIE



SPARKIE



10¢

APRIL-MAY

No. 2

SPARKIE meets King Midas
in **GOLDEN GARDEN**

Plus

WHO AM I? ★ THE SHOW GOES ON
THE GORILLA ★ BENNY THE BUG
★ SPARKIE'S MAIL BAG ★





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THANK YOU, BOYS & GIRLS!

It made us real happy to hear how much you liked the stories and puzzles and riddles in our new SPARKIE Comic Book. We never dreamed we were reaching so many boys and girls.

We were delighted to receive all those good ideas and

suggestions, too. We'll try some of them out in each new SPARKIE Comic Book. We agree with Tom Milton of Kansas City that our comic book is a good way to bring Sparkie fans together—and to make new friends, too.

One of the letters—from Janet Alden in Boston—told about how she bought three SPARKIE Comic Books to pass around to kids who hadn't seen the first comic book. Anyhow, all went well, until . . . let Janet tell you in her own words.

" . . . And so, Big Jon, it made me very happy to lend out the SPARKIE Comic Books. But, Big Jon, one came back all torn and full of stains. I think kids who borrow things should take good care of them. I made up a rule of the week and I hope it will help. Here it is—

What You Receive As A Loan
Be Sure To Treat As Your Own."

Thanks, Janet. When I look through my magic spyglass and see anyone not handling things carefully, we'll know that they haven't seen your rule. Or, maybe they weren't old enough to read. You know, babies rip things, but none of Sparkie's friends are babies any more.



Jon

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PRINTED IN U. S. A.

SPARKIE

in

Who am I?

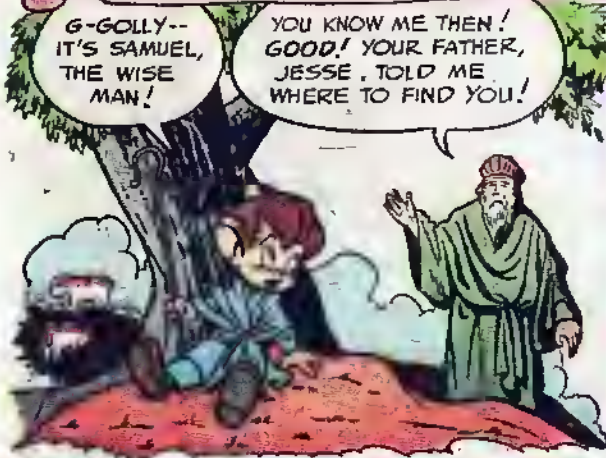
HI, FOLKS!... IN
THIS STORY I'M A
FAMOUS CHARACTER
FROM THE BIBLE,
THE BRAVE LAD
WHO --- OH, OH, I
ALMOST GAVE IT
AWAY. NOW, YOU GUESS--
WHO AM I?



ONE DAY, WHILE I WAS HERDING SHEEP
IN THE HILLS OF ANCIENT ISRAEL, A WISE
MAN CAME BY...

G-GOLLY--
IT'S SAMUEL,
THE WISE
MAN!

YOU KNOW ME THEN!
GOOD! YOUR FATHER,
JESSE, TOLD ME
WHERE TO FIND YOU!



LOOK! MY SEVEN
BROTHERS ARE
ALL AT HOME!

INDEED THEY ARE!
THEY'VE COME TO
SEE ME ANOINT YOUR
HEAD WITH OIL!



NOW, I
SEE INTO
THE FUTURE!
YOU WILL BE
A GREAT
MAN!

HIM, GREAT?
HA, HA, THAT'S
A LAUGH!

A GREAT
TADPOLE,
THAT'S HIS
FUTURE!

M...M...MEZ



WHAT'S THE
MATTER, TADPOLE?
DON'T YOU LIKE
BEING A TADPOLE?

HA, HA! SOME DAY
HE MAY BE
FAMOUS--SURE!
KING OF THE
TADPOLES!



LET THEM LAUGH! SOME
DAY I WILL BE KING! I
WILL! I WILL!

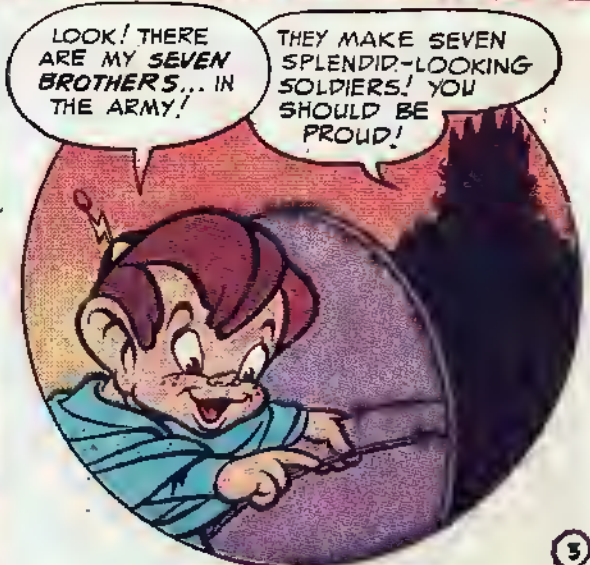
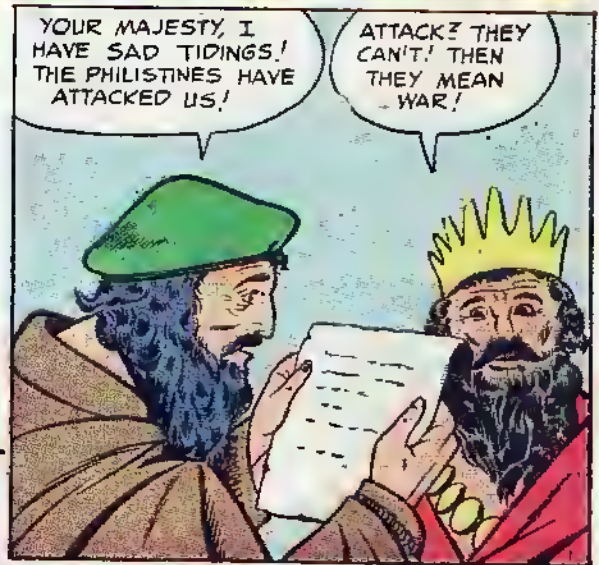
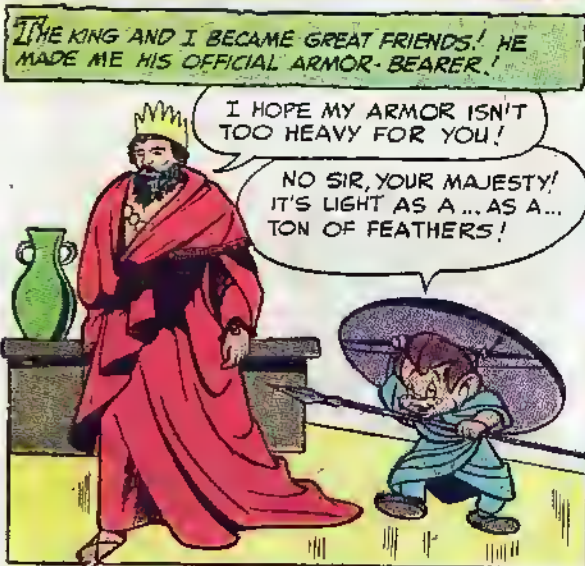
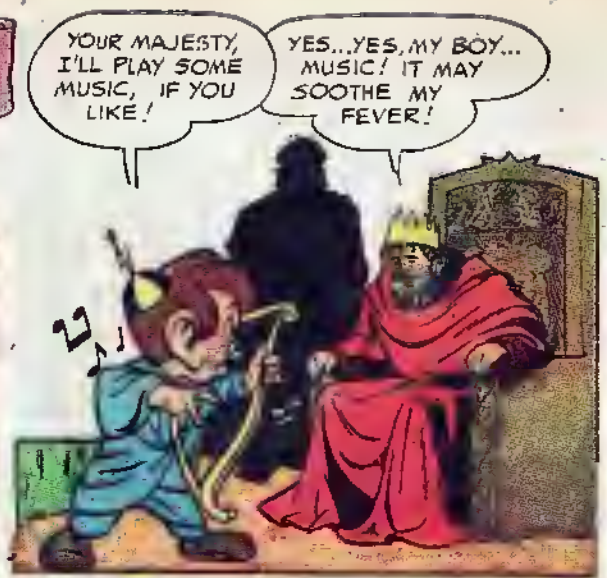
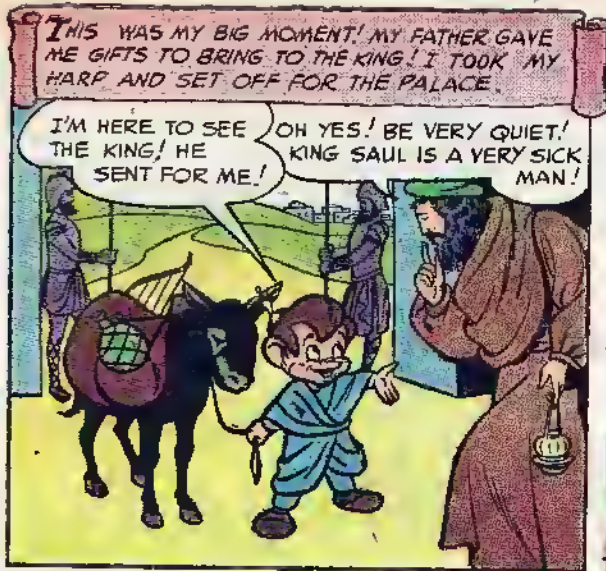


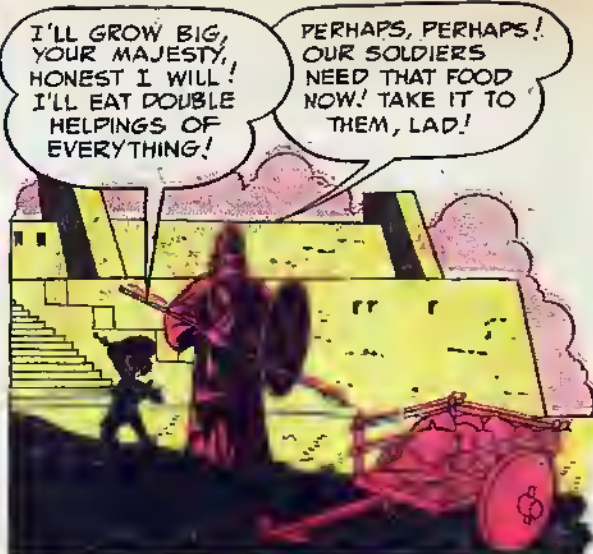
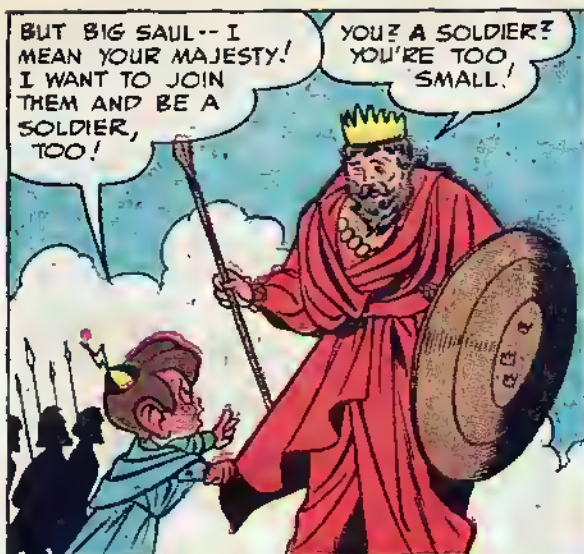
PEACE, STRANGERS!
I SEE YOUR YOUNGEST
BROTHER... THE
SHEPHERD! KING
SAUL HAS SENT
FOR HIM!

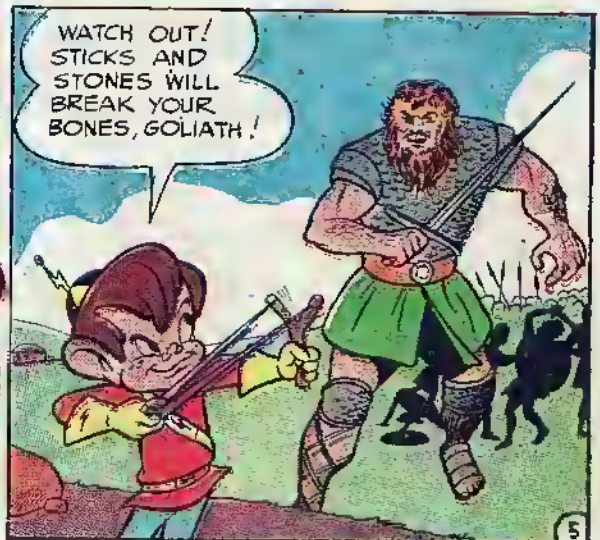
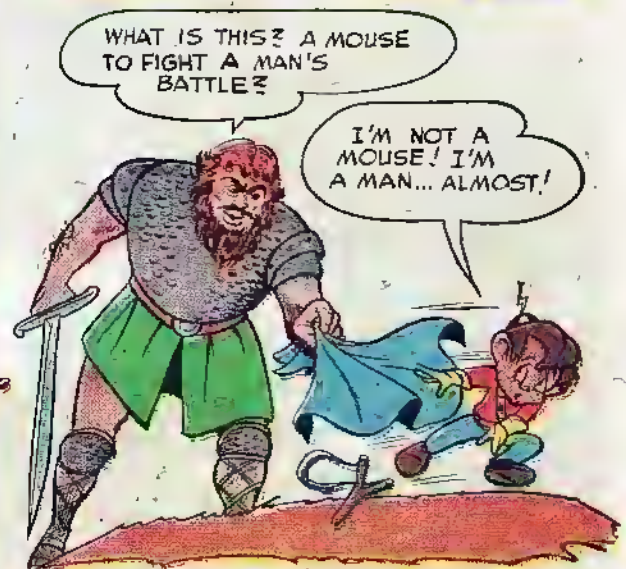
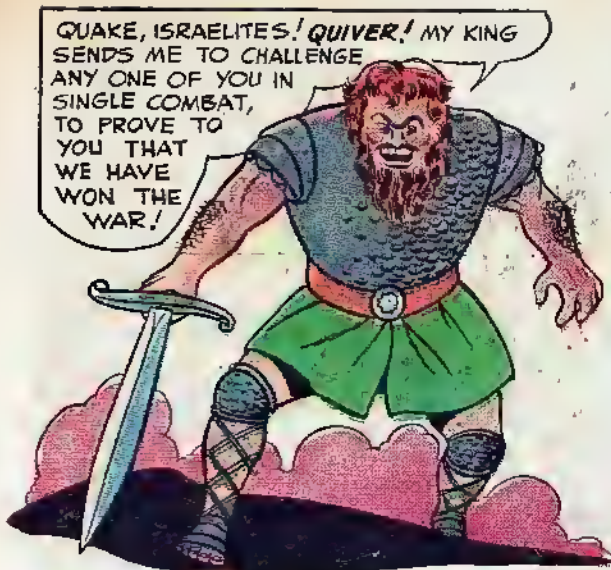
KING
SAUL!

SENT FOR
OUR ER...
ER...
BROTHER!







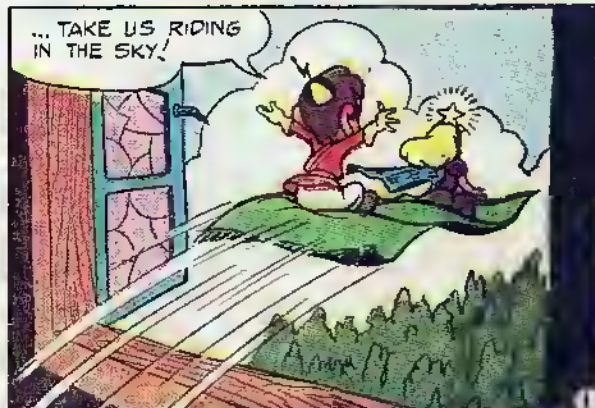
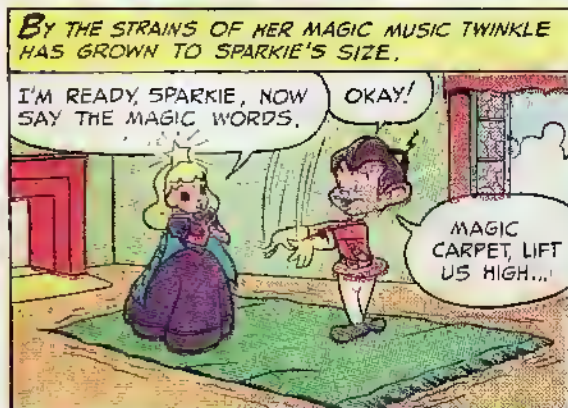
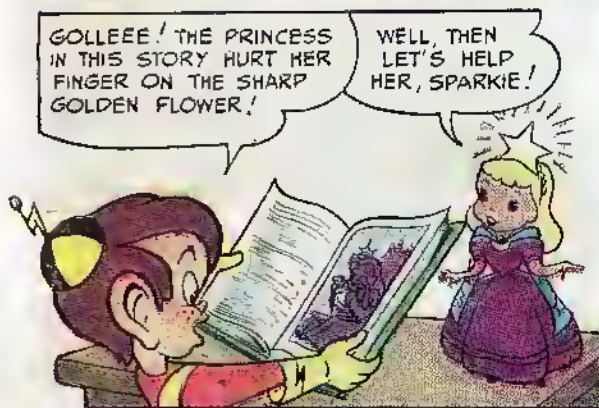
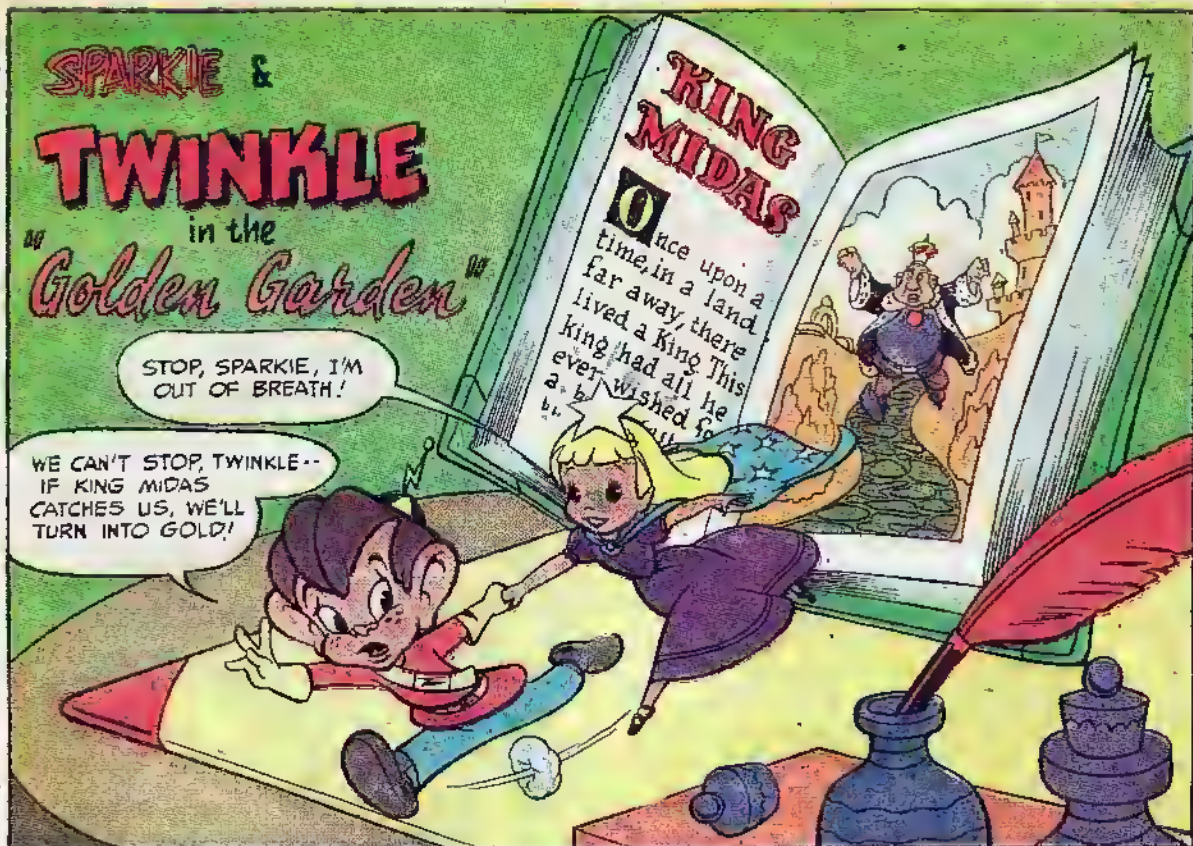


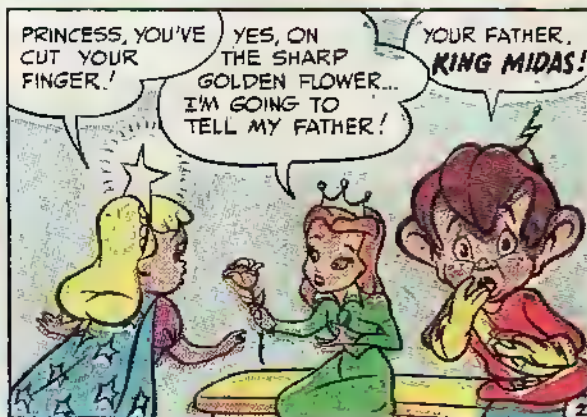
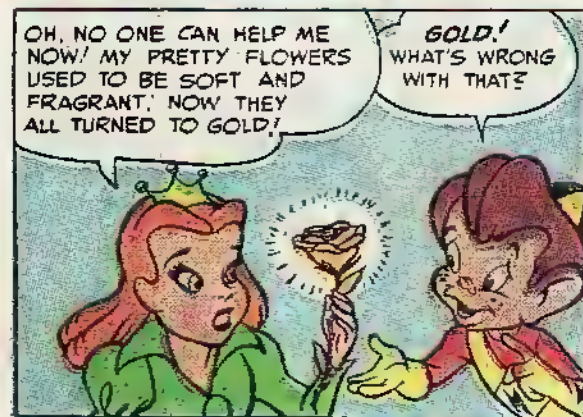
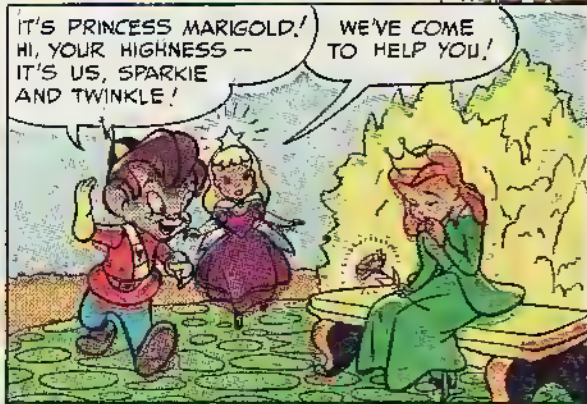
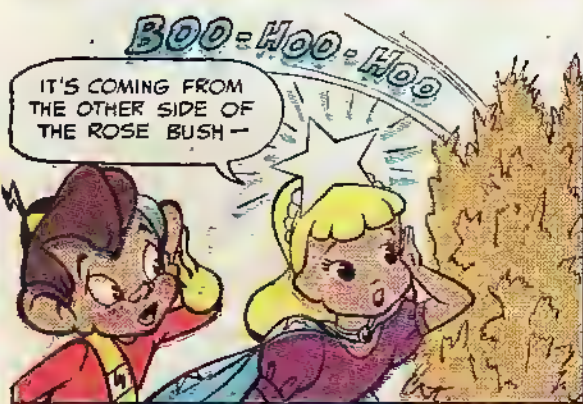
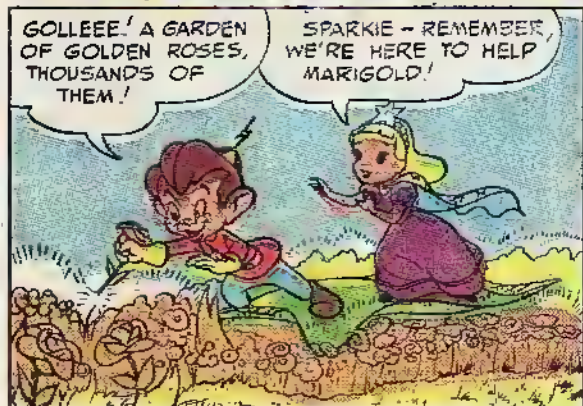
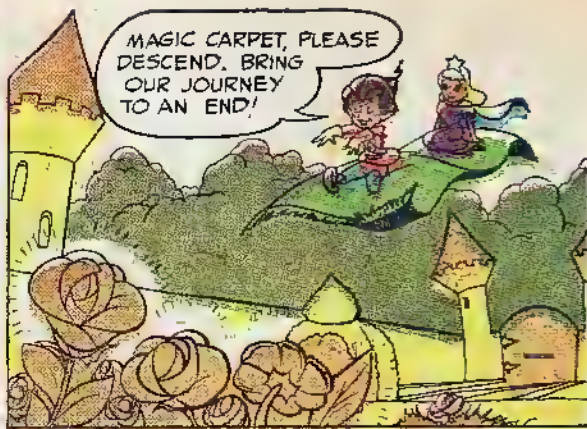


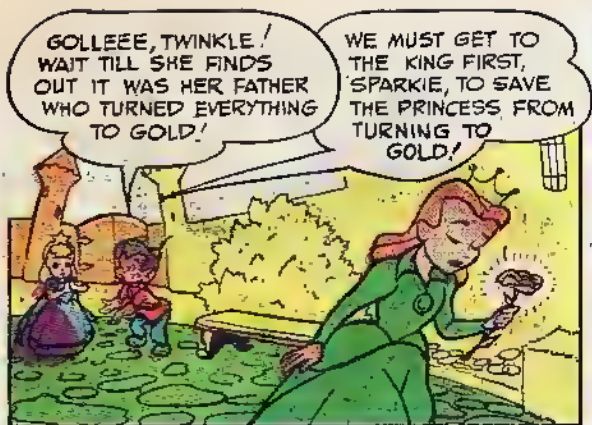
AND NAMES WILL NEVER HURT ME!

HOORAY! THE WISE MAN WAS RIGHT--HE'S A GREAT MAN!

SAMUEL WAS RIGHT! WHEN I GREW OLDER I BECAME KING OF ALL ISRAEL! DID YOU GUESS MY NAME? THAT'S RIGHT, DAVID!

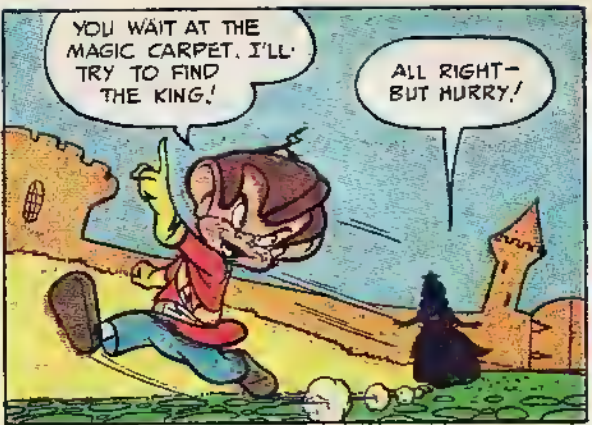






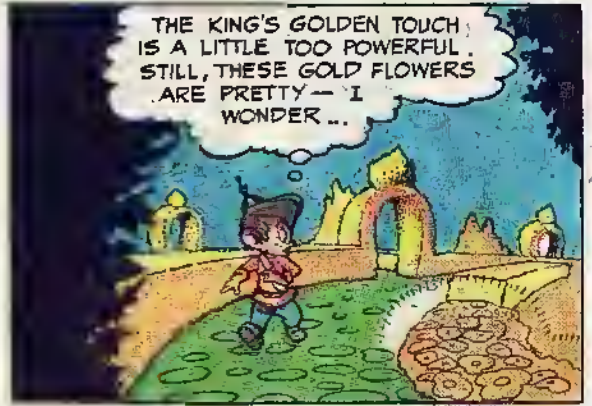
GOLLEEE, TWINKLE!
WAIT TILL SHE FINDS
OUT IT WAS HER FATHER
WHO TURNED EVERYTHING
TO GOLD!

WE MUST GET TO
THE KING FIRST,
SPARKIE, TO SAVE
THE PRINCESS FROM
TURNING TO GOLD!

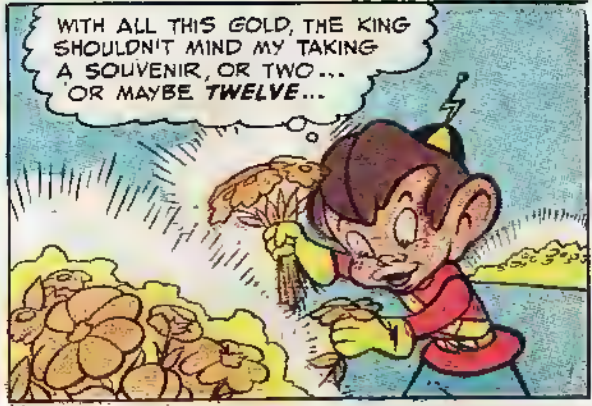


YOU WAIT AT THE
MAGIC CARPET. I'LL
TRY TO FIND
THE KING!

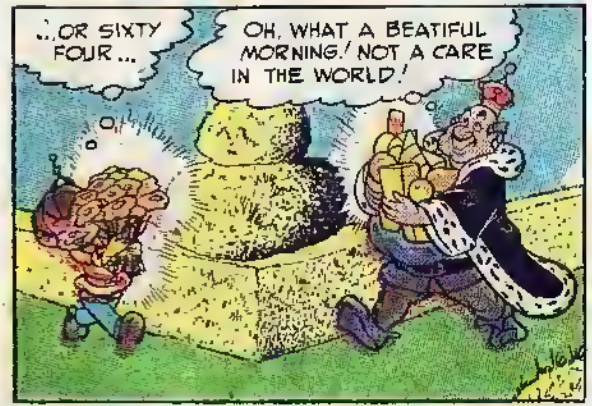
ALL RIGHT—
BUT HURRY!



THE KING'S GOLDEN TOUCH
IS A LITTLE TOO POWERFUL.
STILL, THESE GOLD FLOWERS
ARE PRETTY — I
WONDER ...

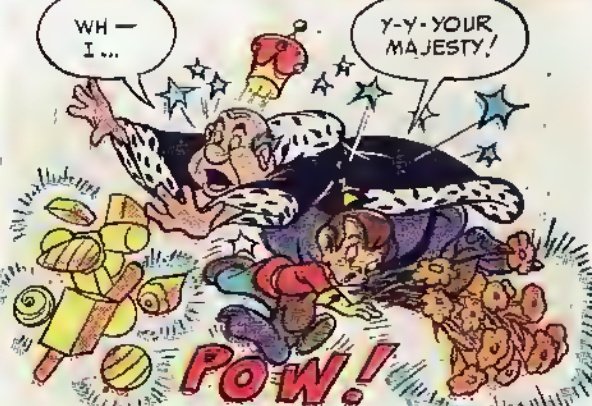


WITH ALL THIS GOLD, THE KING
SHOULDN'T MIND MY TAKING
A SOUVENIR, OR TWO ...
OR MAYBE **TWELVE** ...



...OR SIXTY
FOUR ...

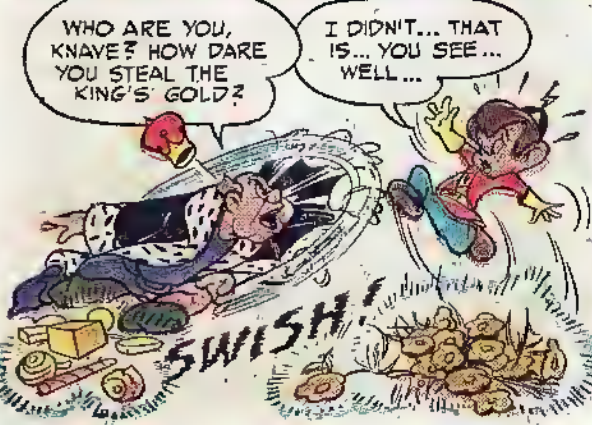
OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL
MORNING! NOT A CARE
IN THE WORLD!



WH—
I ...

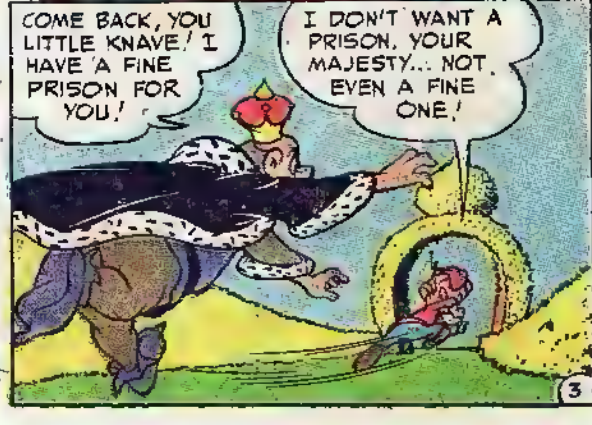
Y-Y-YOUR
MAJESTY!

POW!



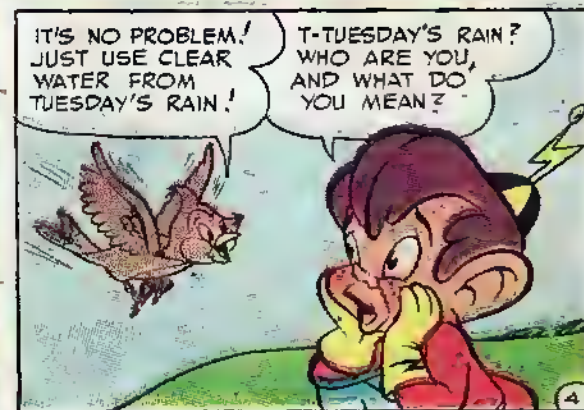
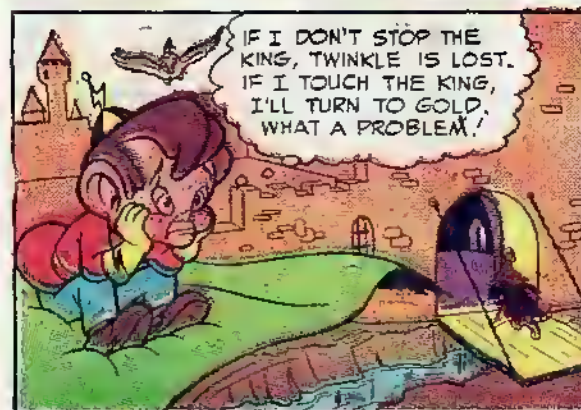
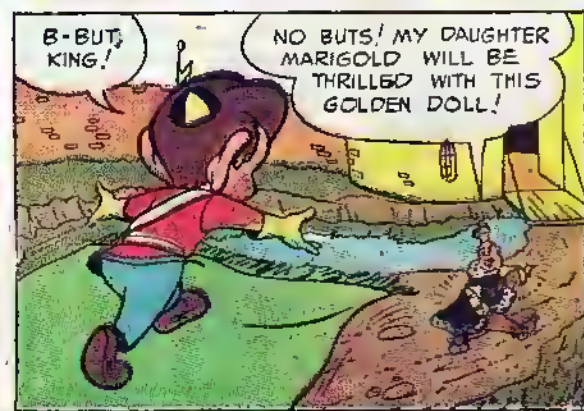
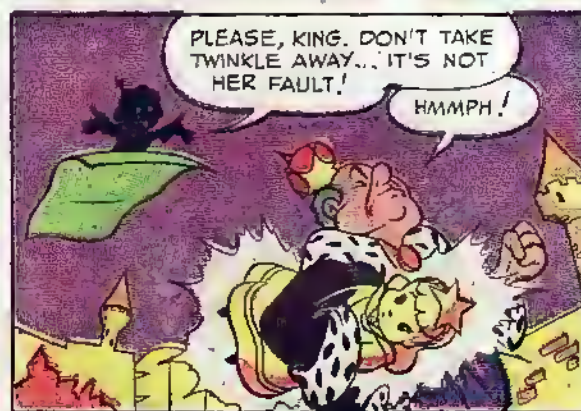
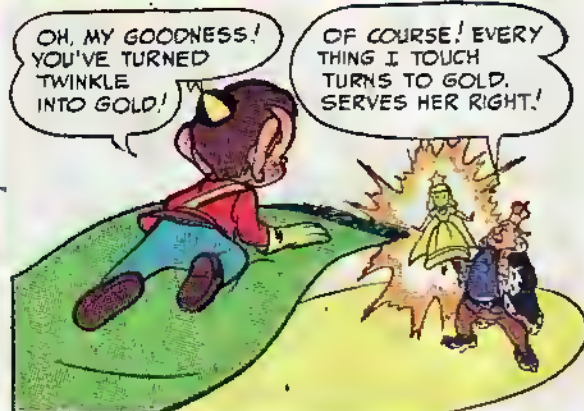
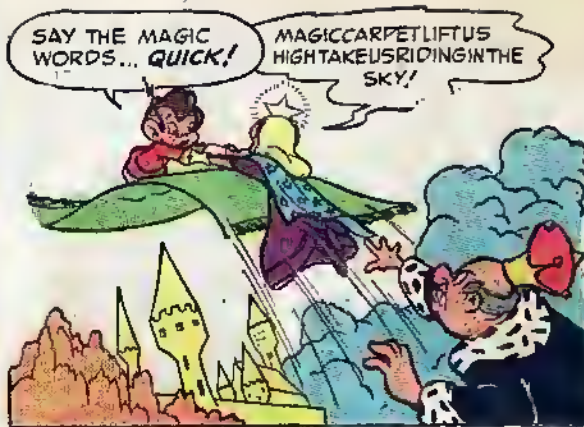
WHO ARE YOU,
KNAVE? HOW DARE
YOU STEAL THE
KING'S GOLD?

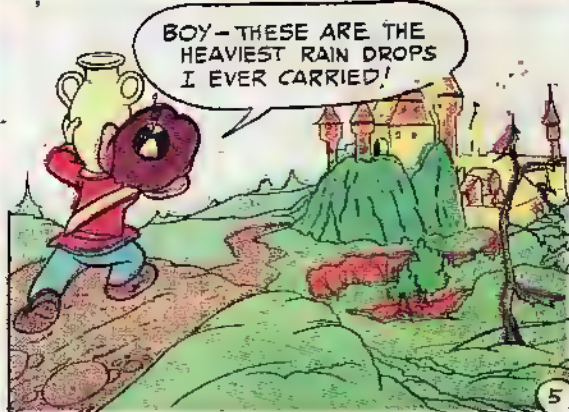
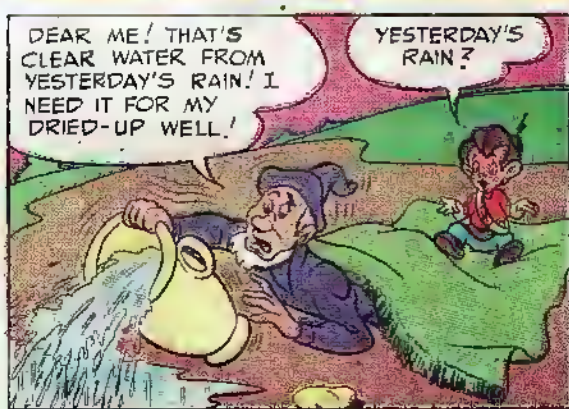
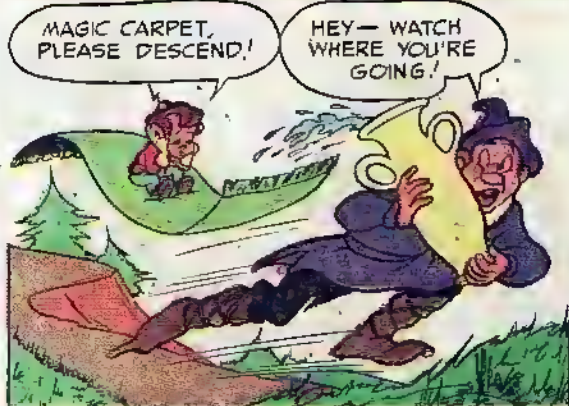
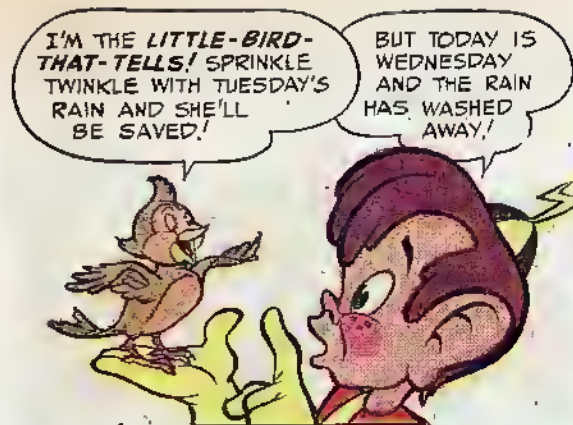
I DIDN'T... THAT
IS... YOU SEE...
WELL ...

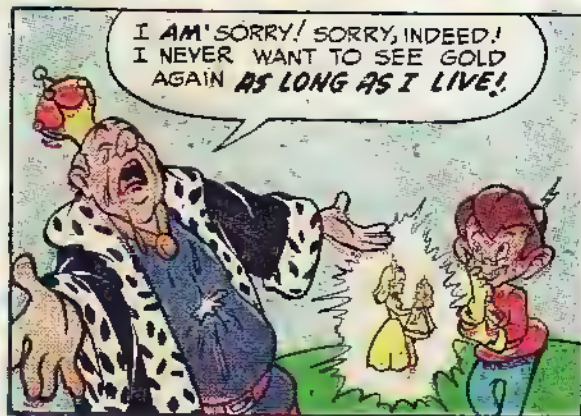
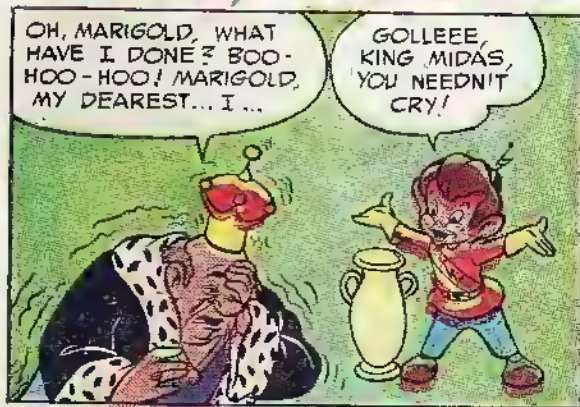
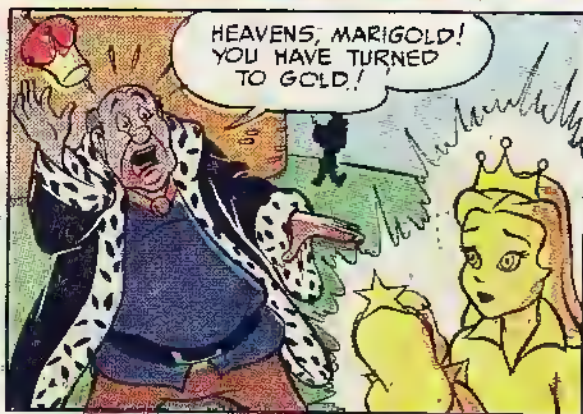
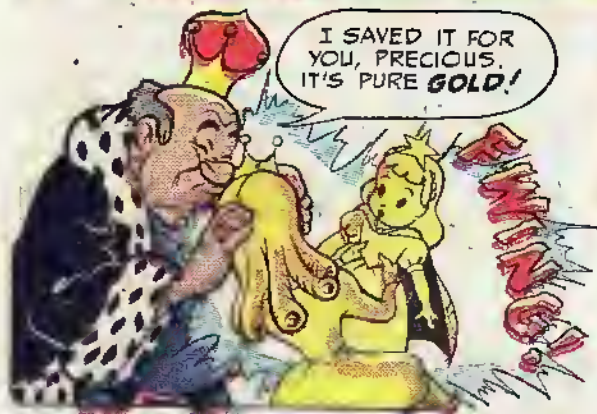
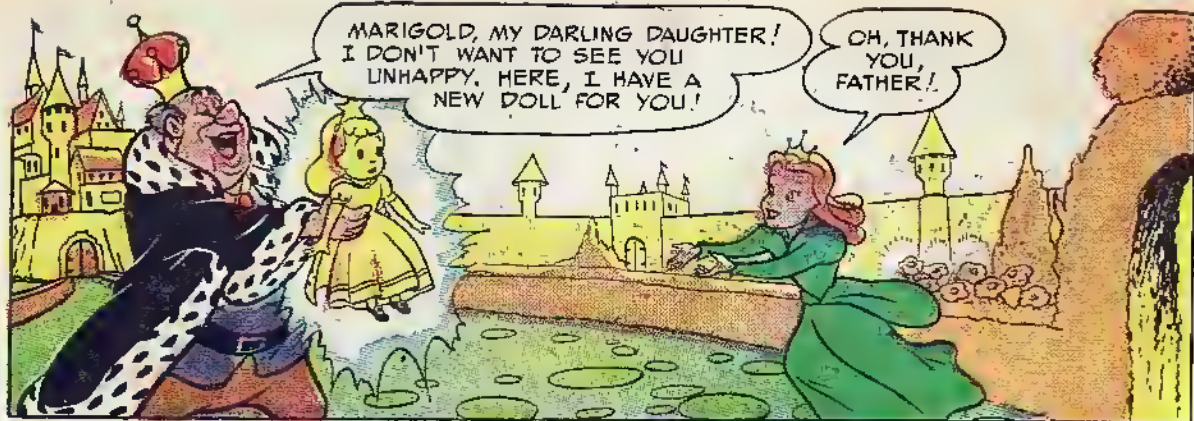


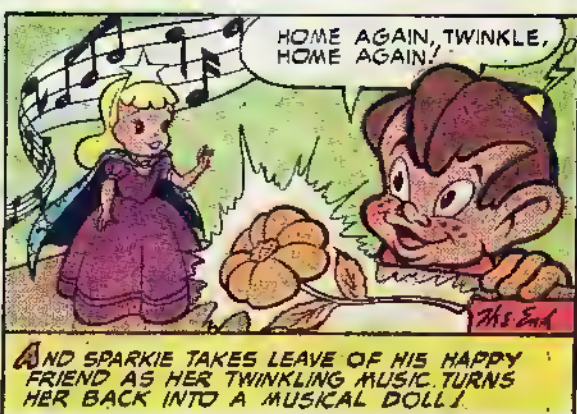
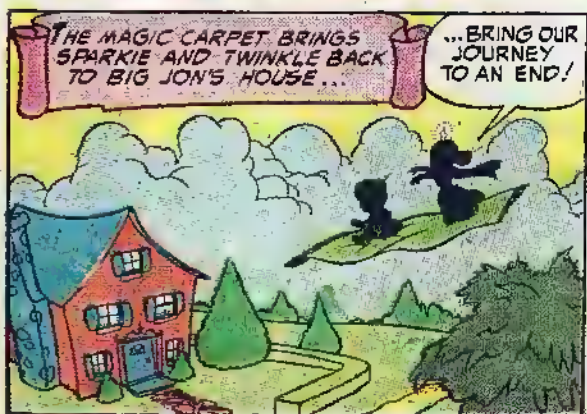
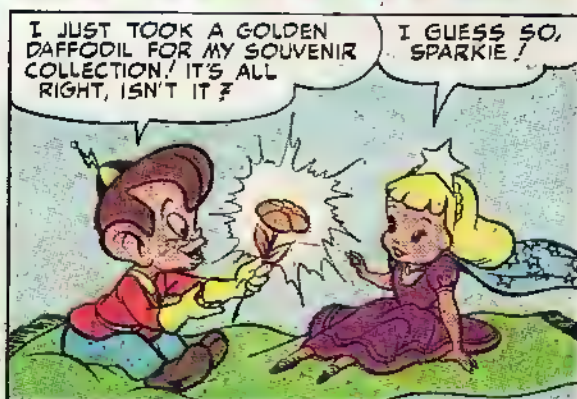
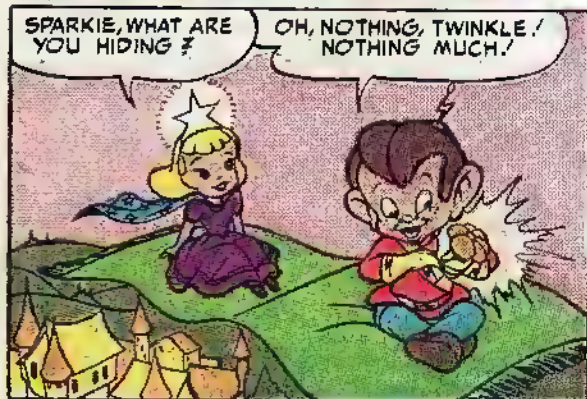
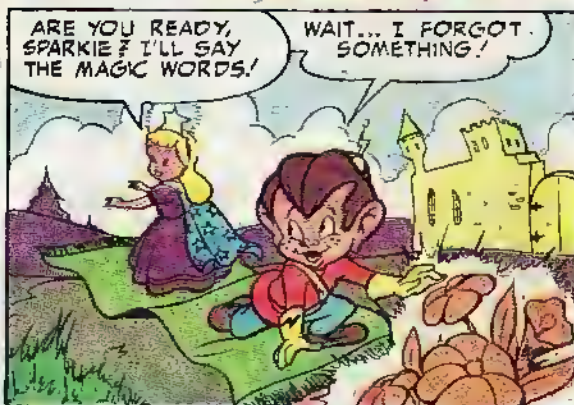
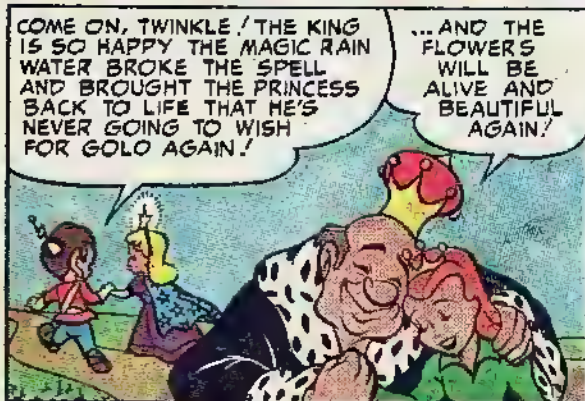
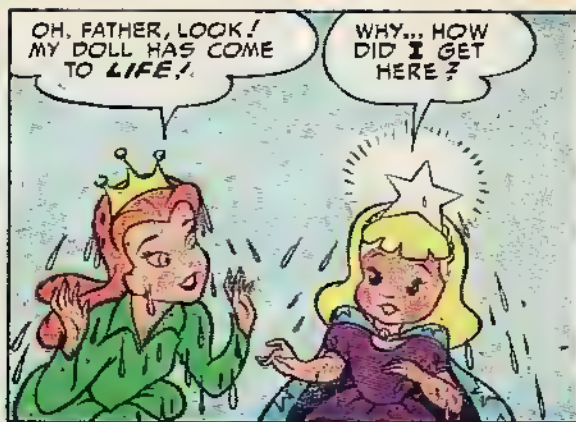
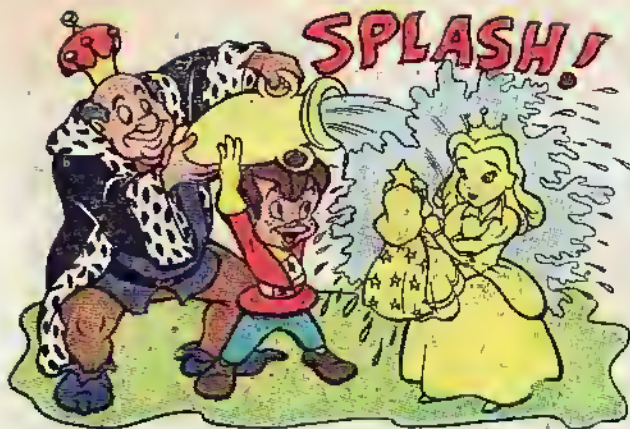
COME BACK, YOU
LITTLE KNAVE! I
HAVE A FINE
PRISON FOR
YOU!

I DON'T WANT A
PRISON, YOUR
MAJESTY... NOT
EVEN A FINE
ONE!









SOMETHING OLD SOMETHING NEW

At the sound of Big Jon's voice, Sparkie's head popped out from between two strange pieces of furniture: one, a twisted bird cage with a stuffed parrot; the other, a tall grandfather clock without a face.

"You don't mind if I ask," mumbled Big Jon. "Since this is my house, I would like to be let in on the secret. What is this junk doing in my living room?"

"It's no secret, Big Jon," answered Sparkie. "It's like I told you. Charlie and Maxie Finster and the two Wunderlicks and . . ."

"And Rabbit-Ears McKeester, too," added Charlie.

"That's right, Rabbit-Ears McKeester" said Sparkie. "We all got together and . . ."

"R-R-R-RING!"

Once again the doorbell rang. This time, Sparkie ushered in two marble elephant statues, each carried by one of the Wunderlick twins. Trunks, tusks and tails had been chipped off, but it was still easy to see that they were elephants.

"Put them here!" ordered Sparkie. The broken elephants were placed gently beside the twisted bird cage.

"Wait!" shouted Big Jon. "Wait a minute! This is my house! I have something to say about what goes where! I . . ."

"Of course, Big Jon," Sparkie said. "We want your ideas on this big plan. After all, we're doing this for you."

"For me?" asked Big Jon. "You mean, all this junk . . ."

"It's not junk," Sparkie snapped. "These are genuine, guaranteed, one hundred percent antiques!"

"Antiques!" echoed Big Jon.

"You bet. Me and Charlie and Rabbit-Ears . . ."

"R-R-R-RING!" The doorbell rang furiously. When Sparkie opened it, there stood Cyril Raffaport holding an oval portrait of a bearded woman. Alongside was Schmoeger D. Fogarty trying to prop up a large wooden Indian. "Smilin' Sam" Bishop was fumbling with a funnel-shaped loudspeaker and a broken victrola. And Renfro Hencrow stood entangled in a large gadget made of wood, wheels and wires. Sparkie greeted them.

"Come in, Everybody! Come into the house. Put your antiques in the middle of the room."

"Sparkie, please!" pleaded Big Jon. "You can't keep these pieces of . . . of . . . antiques . . . here. I need this room."

"Oh, they won't be here long!" said Sparkie. "The auction starts at two o'clock."

"Auction? Here?" asked Big Jon.

"Sure!" said Sparkie. "We advertised it in the DAILY WEEKLY. Bunny is running around with a sign on his back announcing the Big Antique Sale."

"Great Blazes! Sparkie! Why didn't you ask me first?" asked Big Jon.

"B-B-Because . . ." stuttered Sparkie, "we wanted it to be a surprise. Everytime I ask you for more allowance you talk about the high cost of living. Well . . . I spoke to the club members and they voted for you not to be poor anymore!"

"I'm not poor!" shouted Big Jon.

"Goll-ee-ee, Big Jon," said Sparkie, "it's nothing to be ashamed of! I told everyone that you're poor but honest!"

Big Jon trembled. His face grew red as he turned to Sparkie. "Sparkie, I . . ."

"R-R-R-RING!" The doorbell rang again. "Two o'clock!" yelled Moxie Finster.

"Our customers have arrived!" shouted Robbit-Ears McKeester.

"Open the door!" Ciril Roffoport cried out.

Sparkie flung open the door. There was Bunny with his Auction Sole sign. Behind him, smiling with glee, stood the Goshouse Gorillos.

"Is this where we buy antiques?" Roscoe MacKeever asked.

"Why, Roscoe," mumbled Sparkie. "I didn't . . ."

"Sparkie attacked Roscoe!" cried Hommerhead and Bonecrusher. Within seconds the Goshouse Gorillos jumped to Roscoe's defense. The Antique Sale quickly became the center of open warfare.

"Stop!" screamed Big Jon above the bedlam. "This is my house!"

But his words went unheeded. The bird cage flew across the room and cop-sized on his head. He looked out through the bars and saw Charlie Clammerding crash the portrait of the bearded lady over Crunch Hexensmosher's head.

R-R-R-RING! The doorbell rang. But no one answered it. Everyone was busy fighting everybody else. The wooden Indian fell on the marble elephants. The

wire gadget was passed from Maxie Finster to Charlie Clammerding who then wropped it around Hommerhead Hogan.

R-R-R-RING! The doorbell kept ringing.

Wires, wheels, wood, stone, glass, stuffing, honds and heads churned and mixed in a cloud of dust.

R-R-R-RING! The doorbell remained unanswered. "Enough! We've had enough!" gulped Roscoe MacKeever.

Sparkie and his friends arose, battered and bruised. The Goshouse Gorillos sheepishly ran out the back door. The antiques lay in a broken and twisted heap.

"R-R-R-RING!"

"The doorbell's ringing," shouted Charlie Clammerding.

"So it is," agreed Sparkie as he went to open it. "So it is."

There, at the entrance, stood all of Big Jon's neighbors, ready to bid at the Auction Sole.

Hesitantly, Sparkie once again began the auction. To Big Jon's amazement the sale was a huge success!

* * *

Time has passed and the Auction Sole has become history. Sparkie now gets a bigger allowance from Big Jon and the only explanation for this bonanza is Sparkie's own statement:

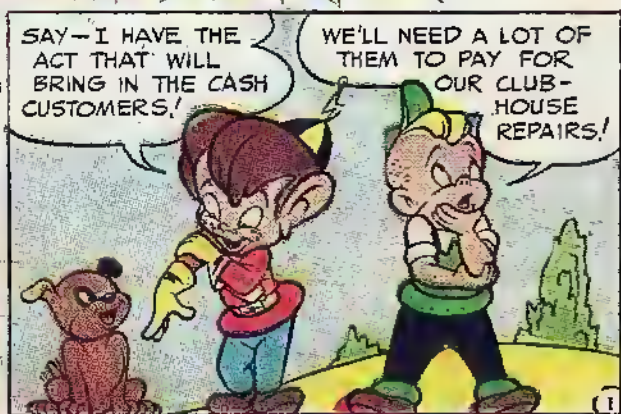
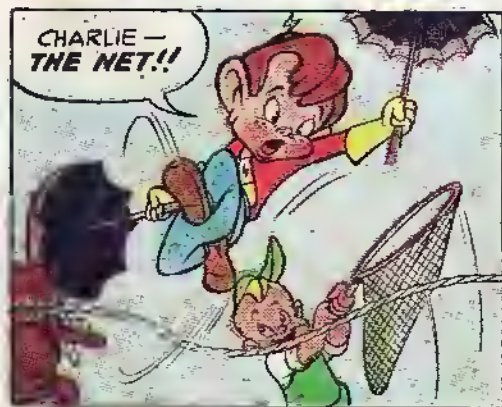
"You see, Big Jon," he said. "After the fight, everything was all broken and busted. Well . . . that made our antiques more antique. They became so valuable that everybody outbid everybody else. You understand, Big Jon?"

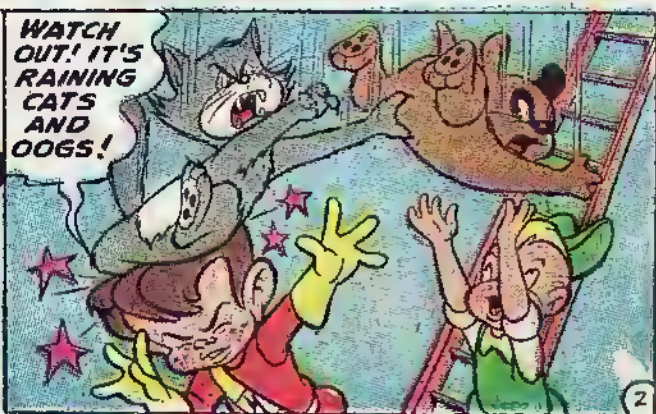
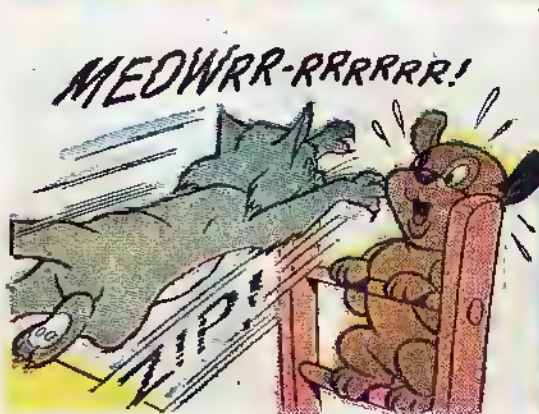
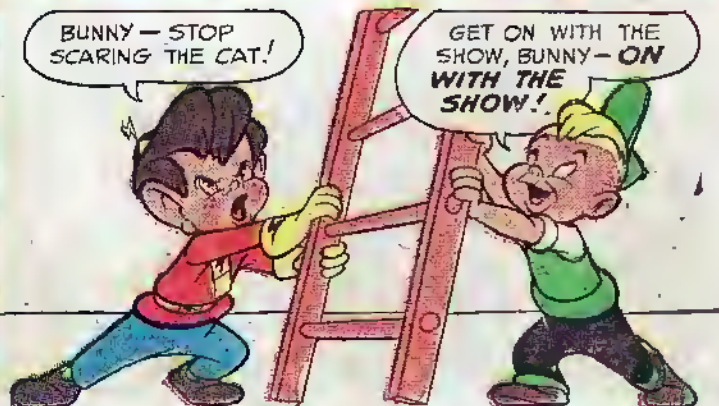
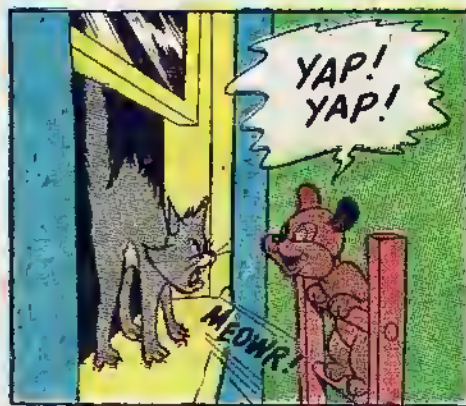
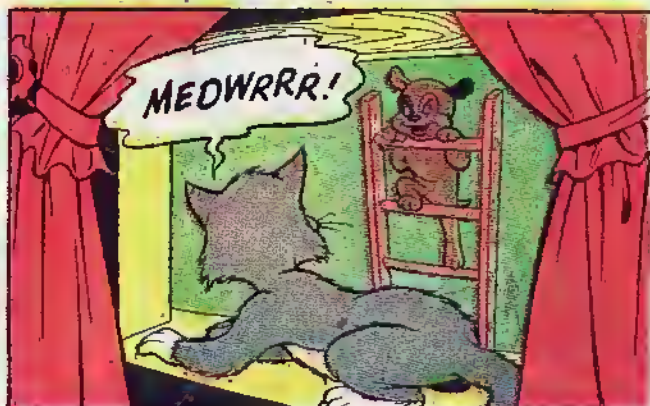
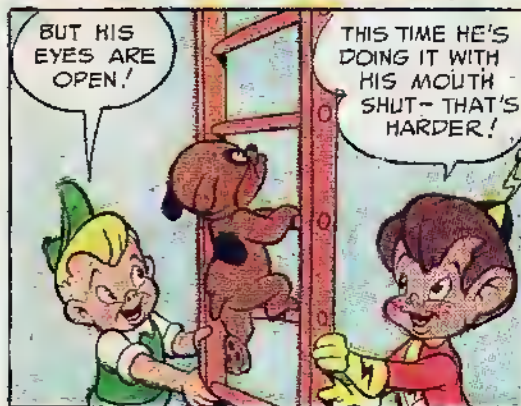
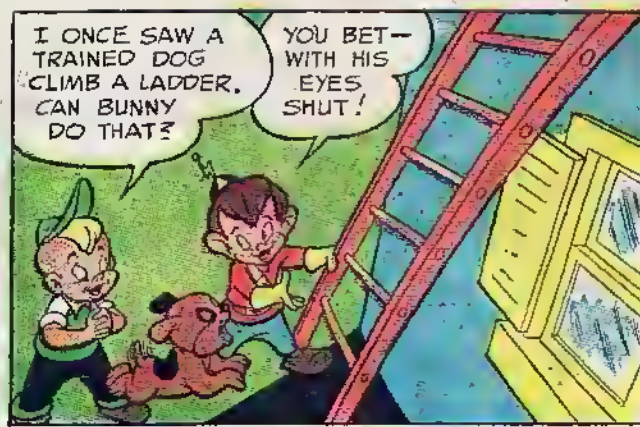
"I sure do," uttered Big Jon. "I must say, Sparkie, you're a genius!"

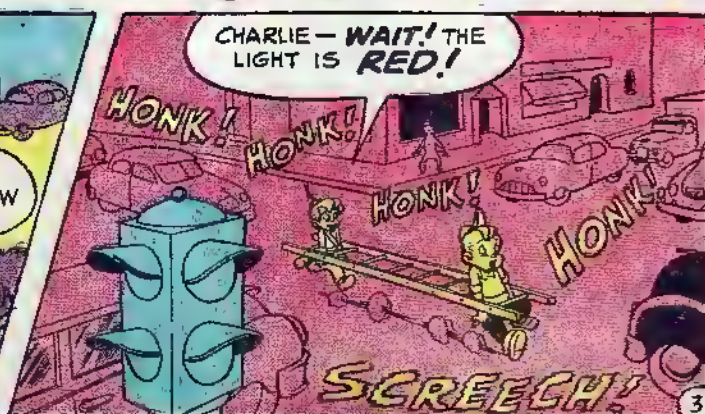
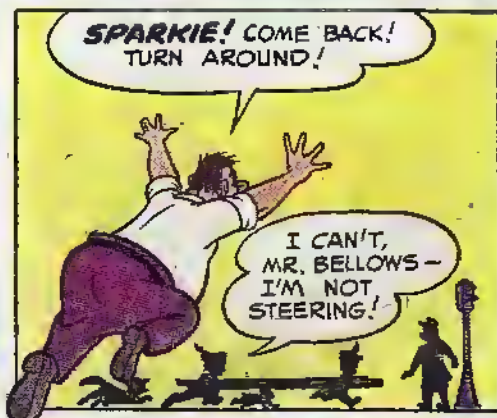
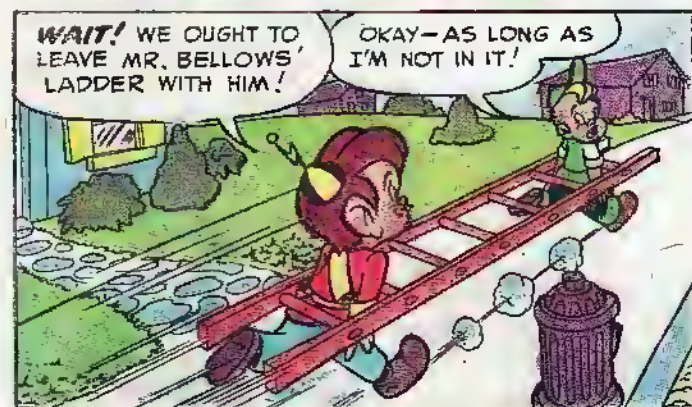
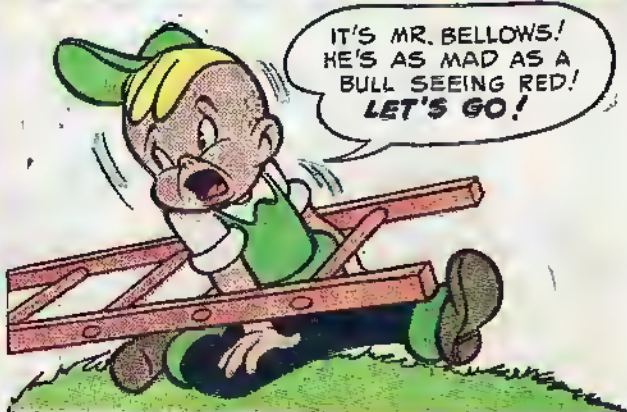
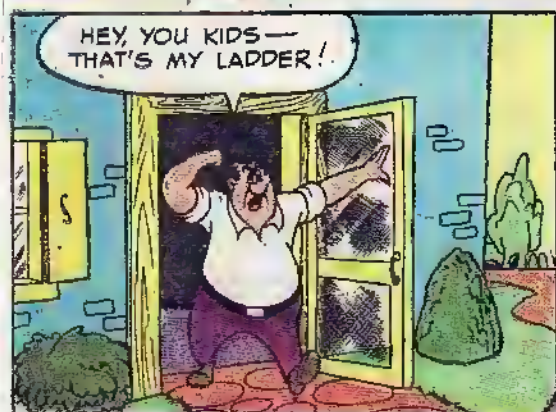
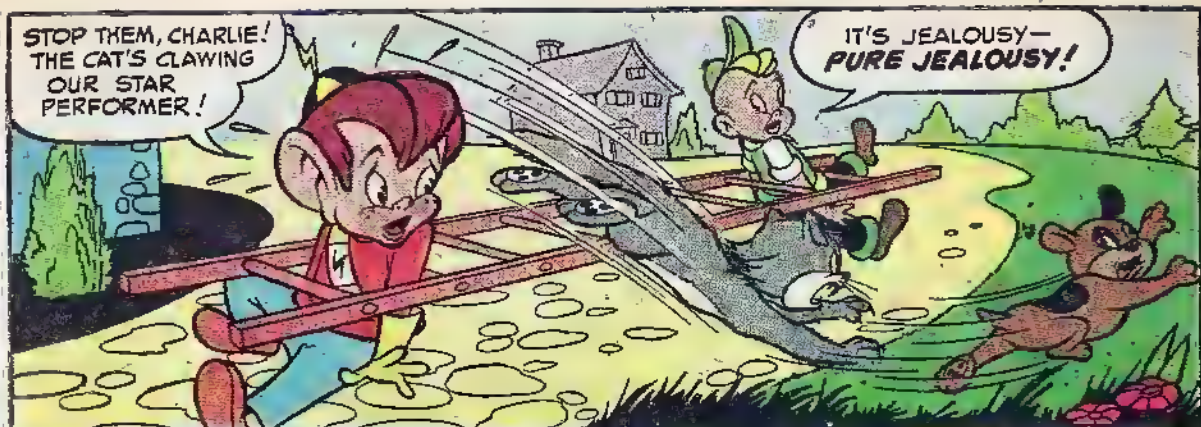
Sparkie only smiled.

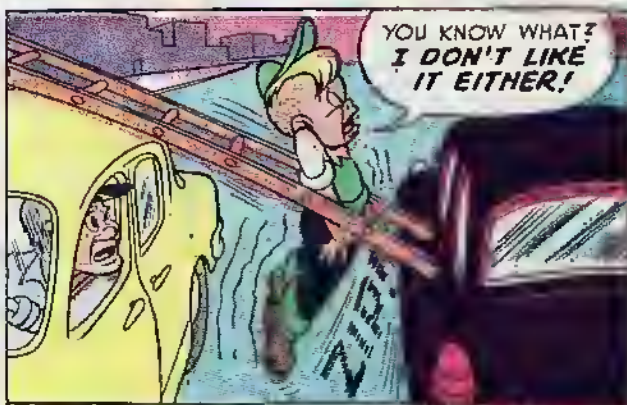
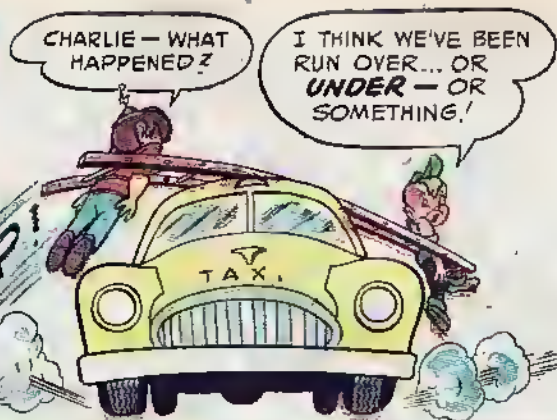
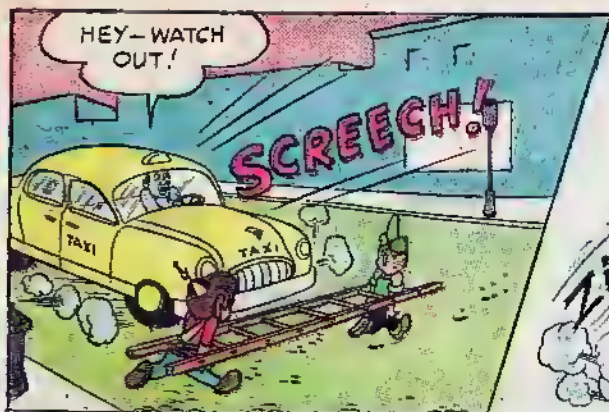
SPARKIE

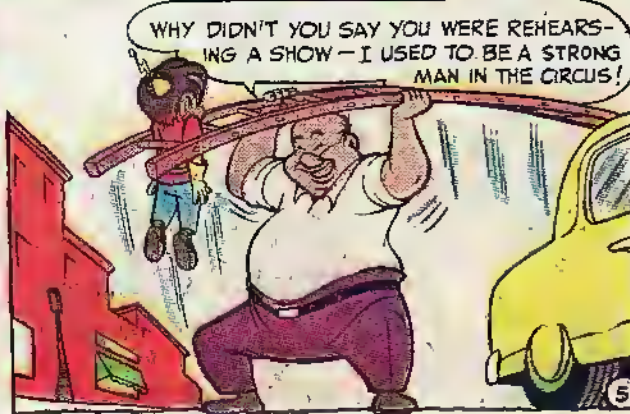
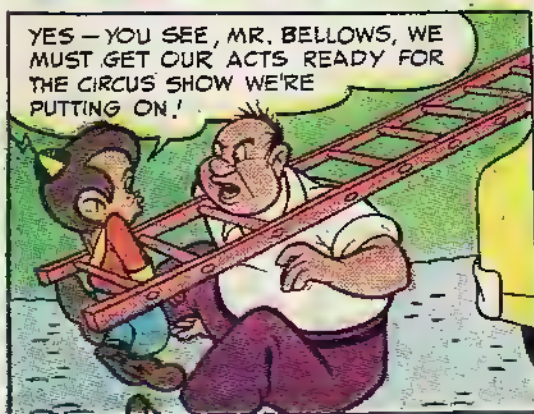
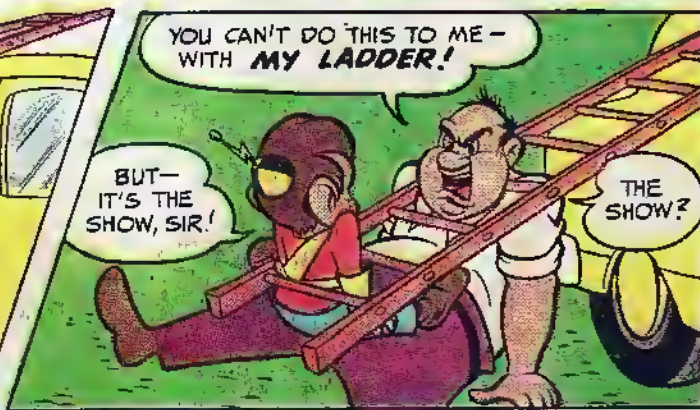
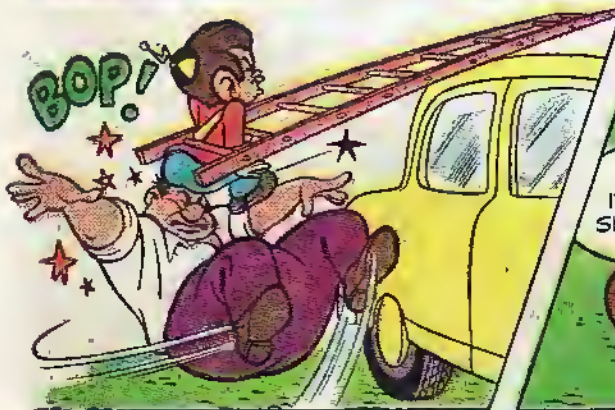
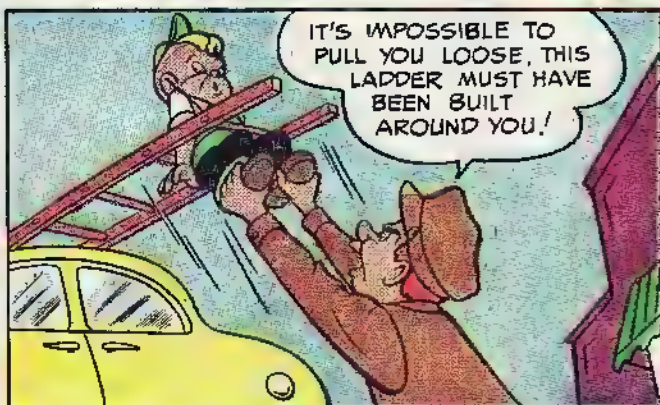
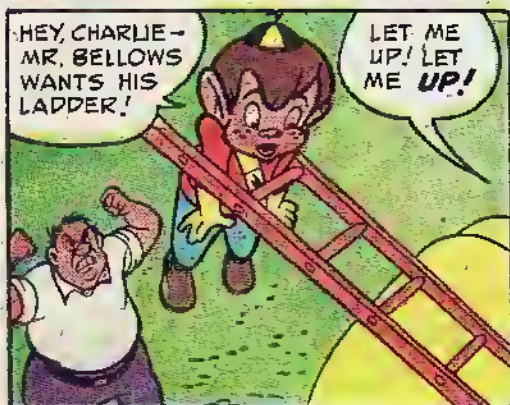
in
The SHOW
GOES ON

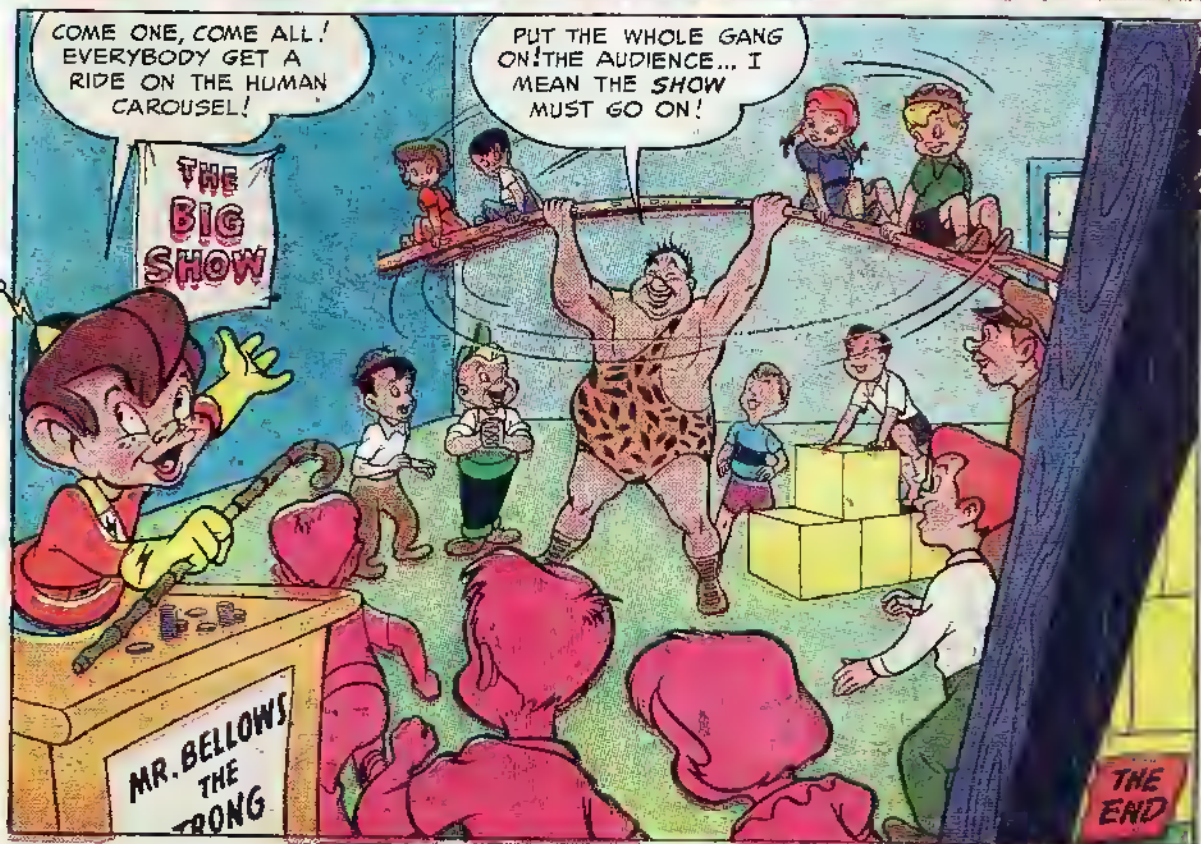
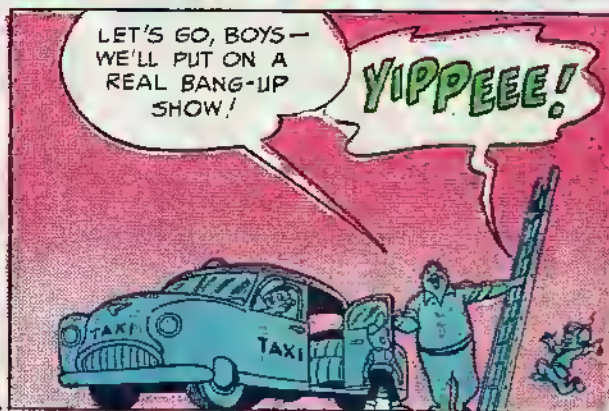
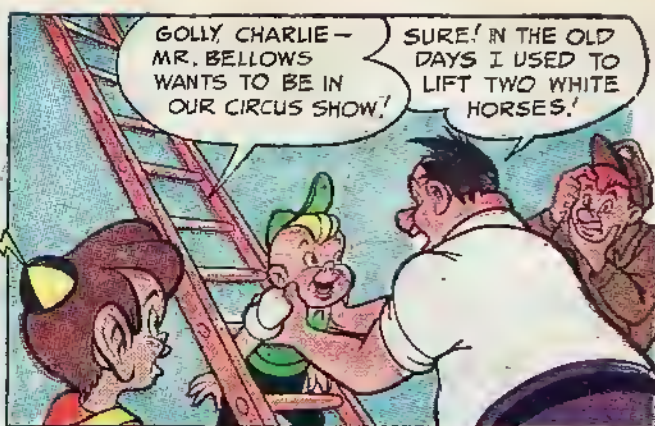
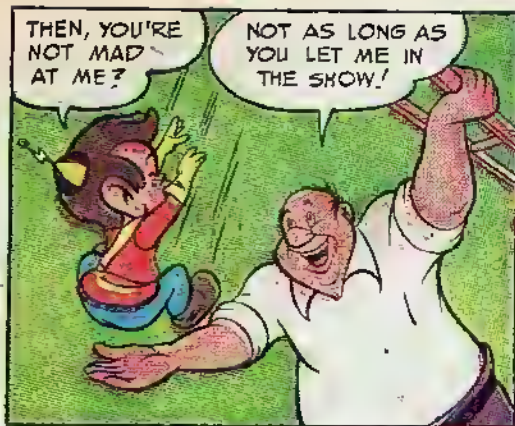




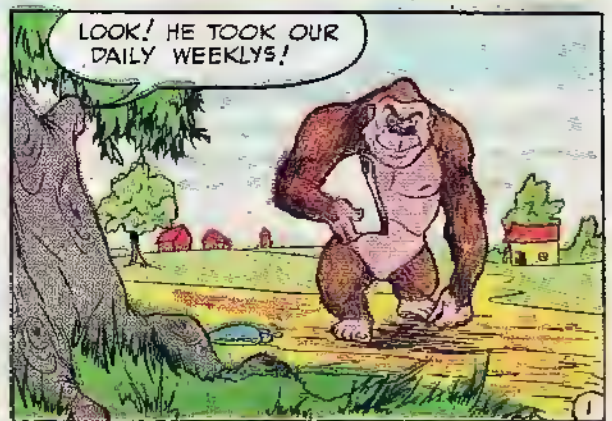
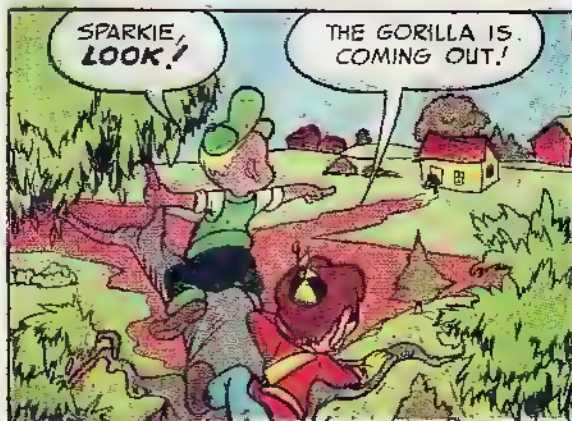
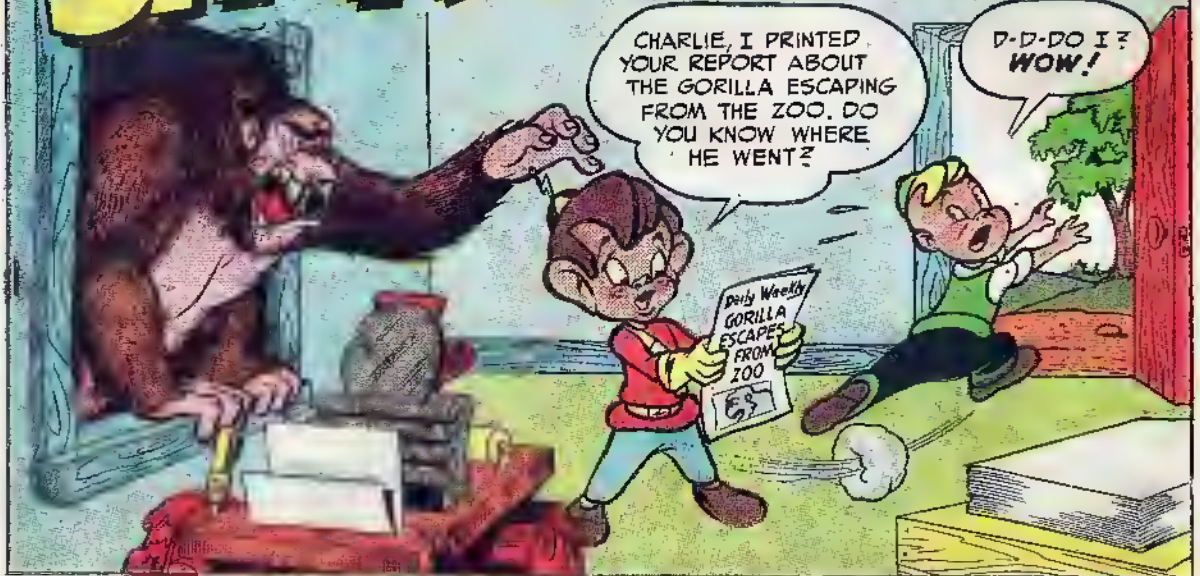


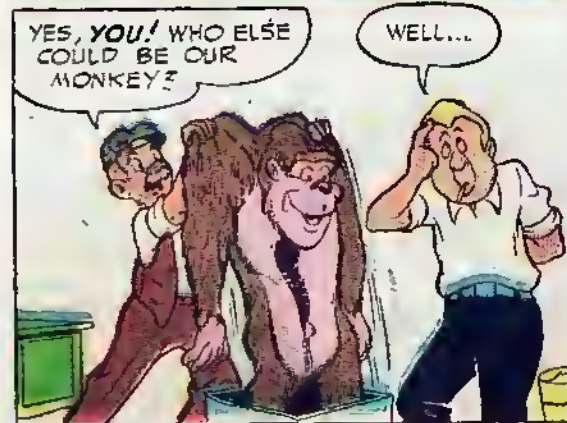
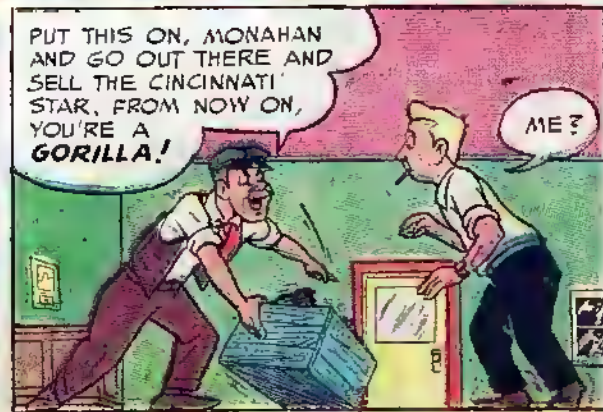
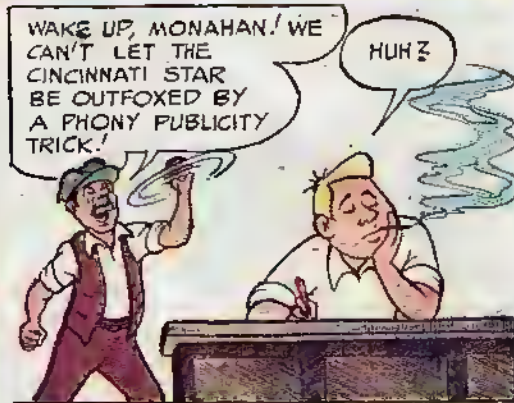
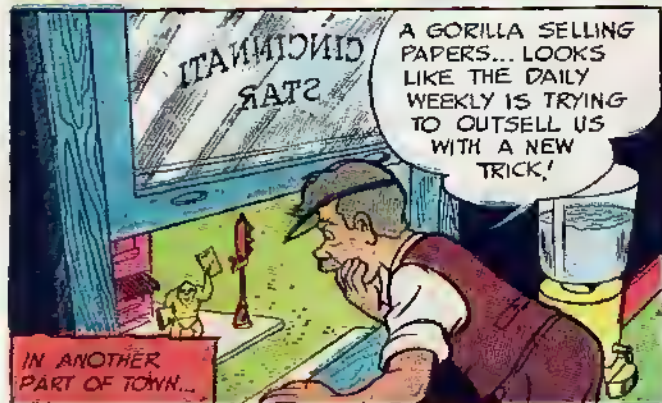
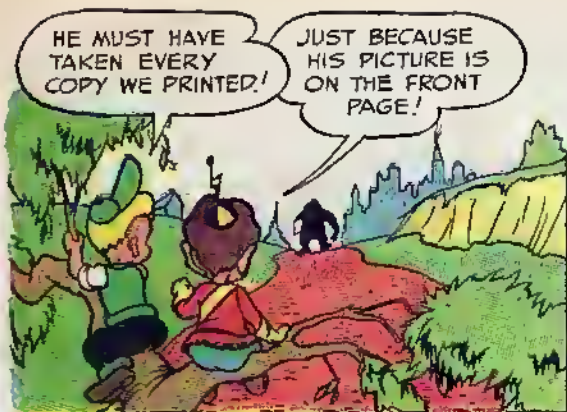


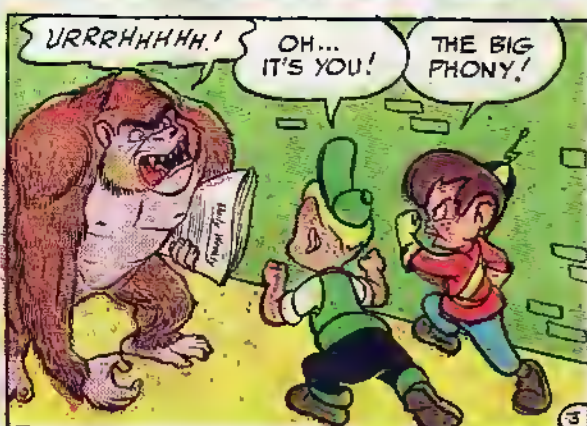
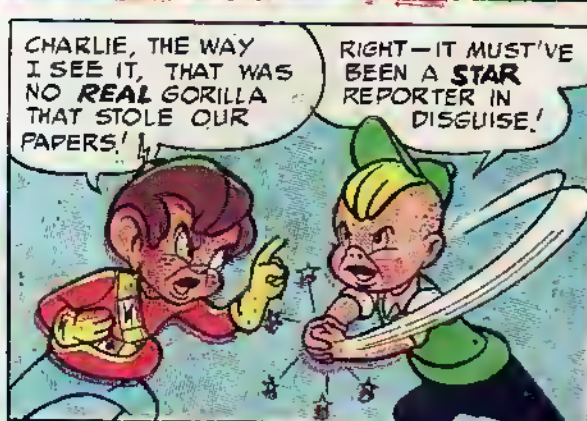
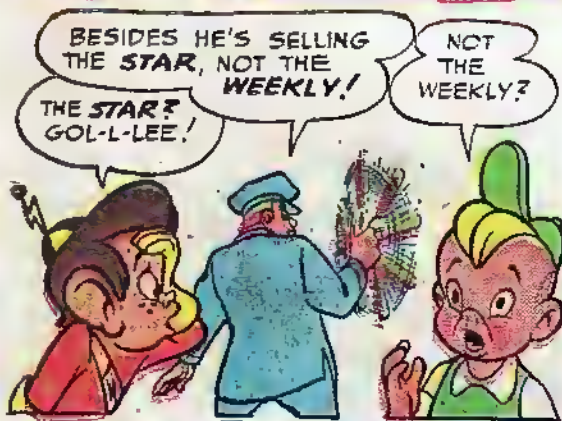
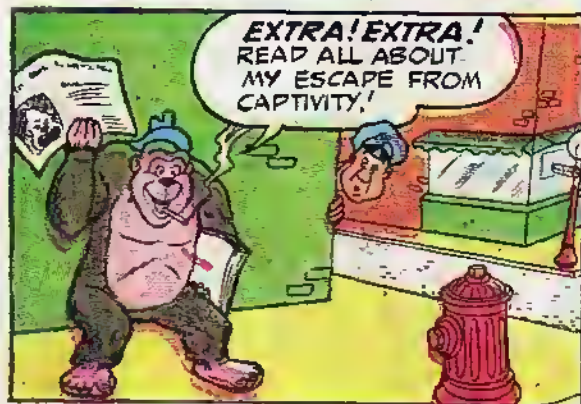
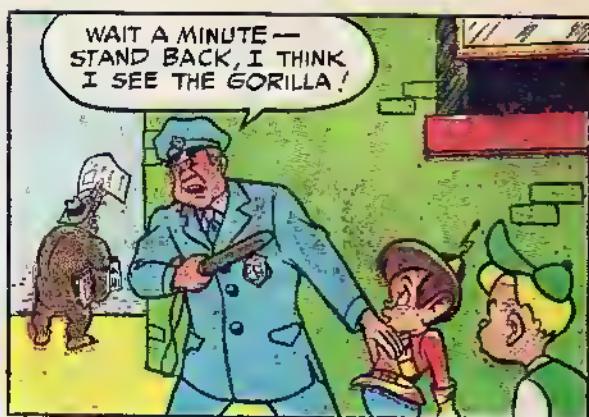


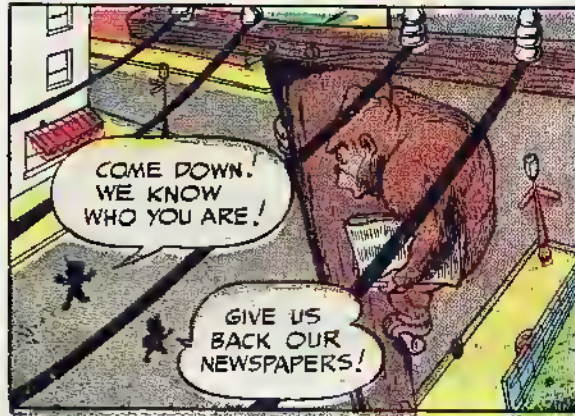
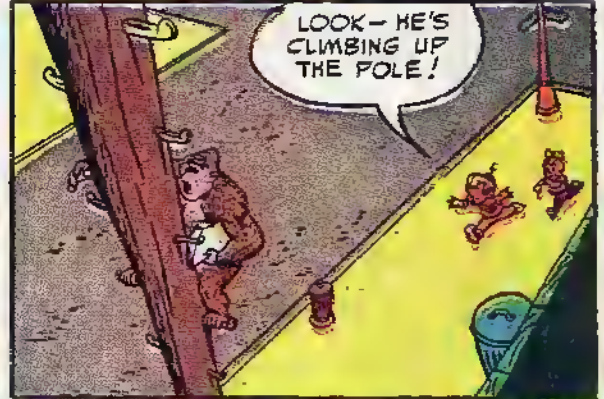
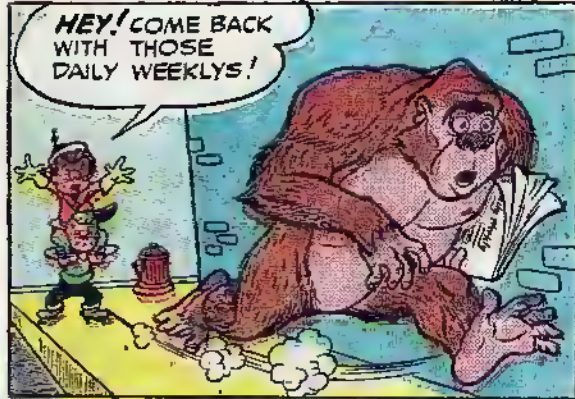
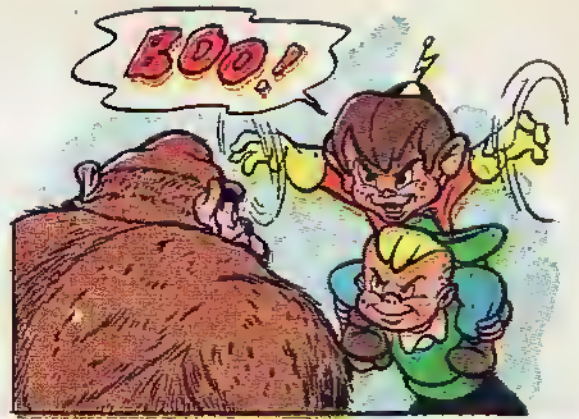


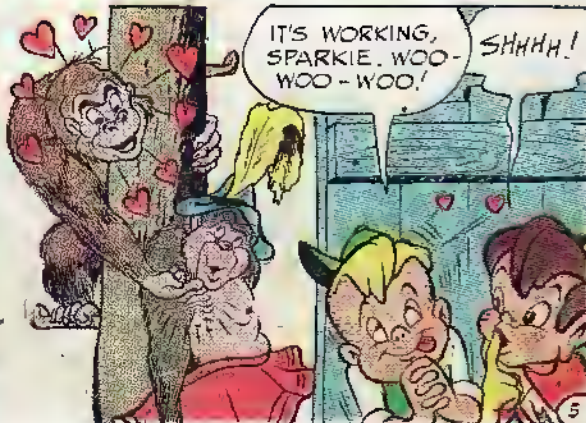
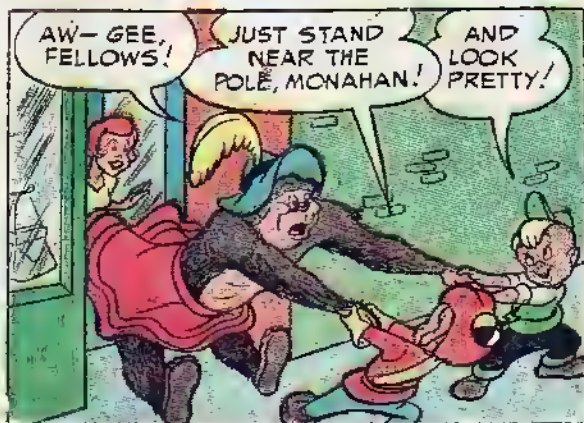
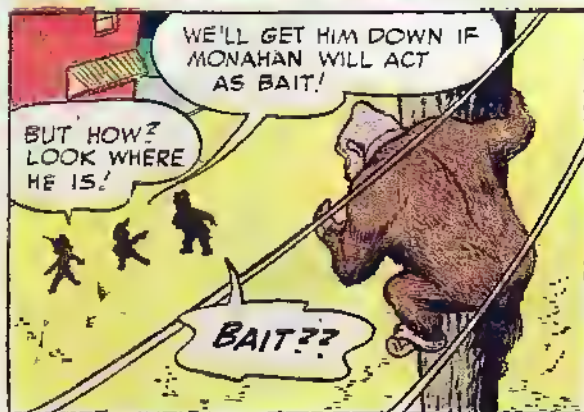
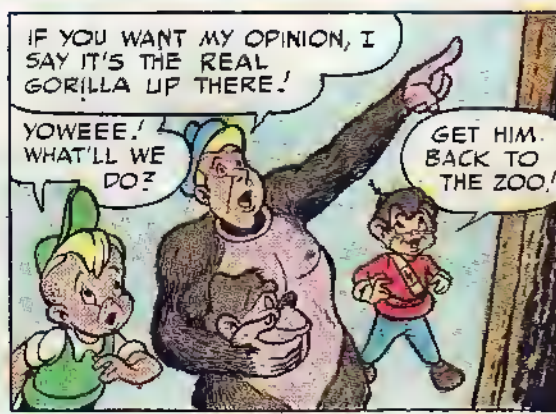
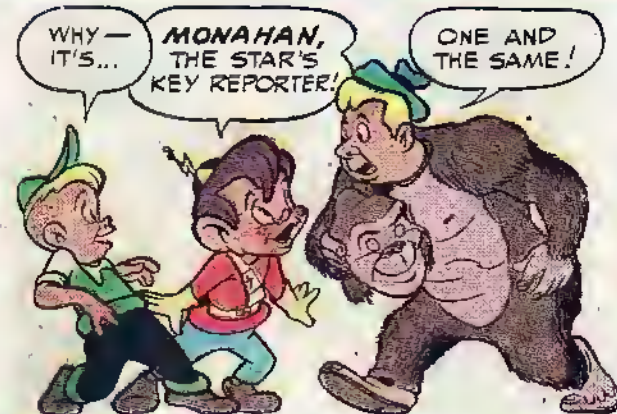
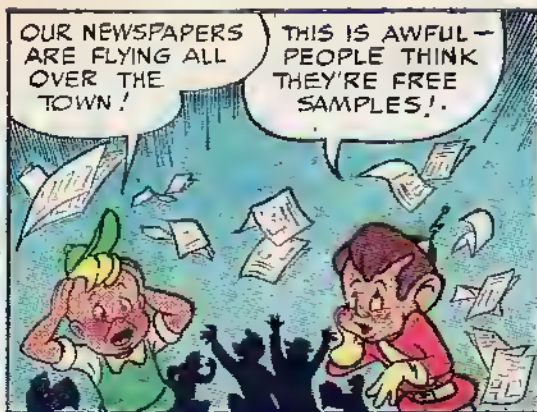
SPARKIE in "THE GORILLA"

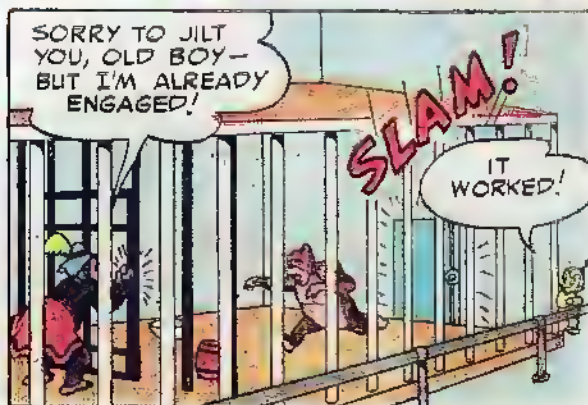
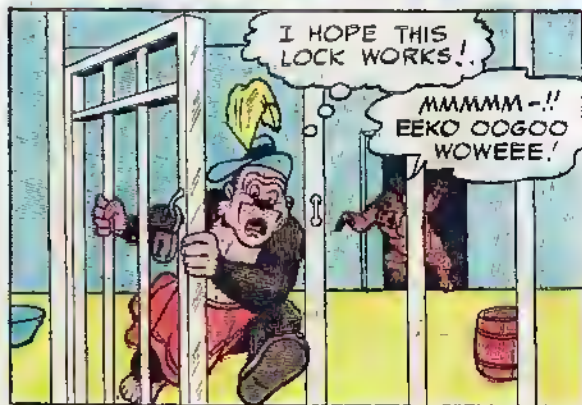
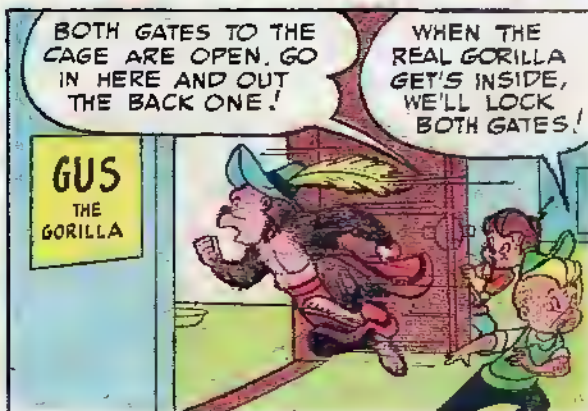




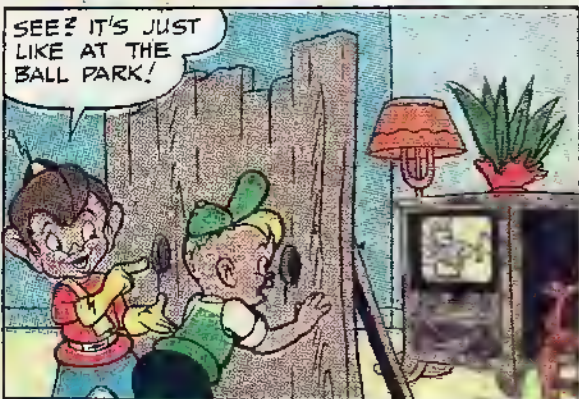
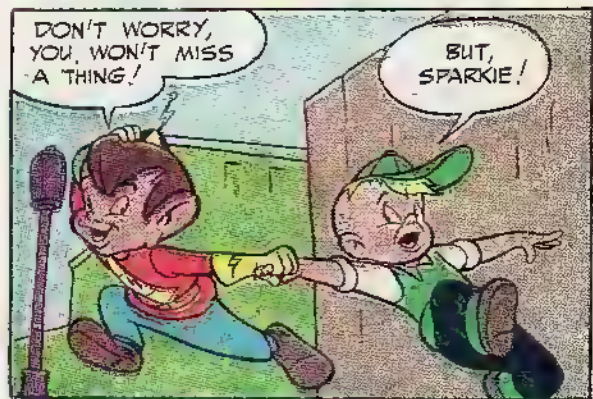
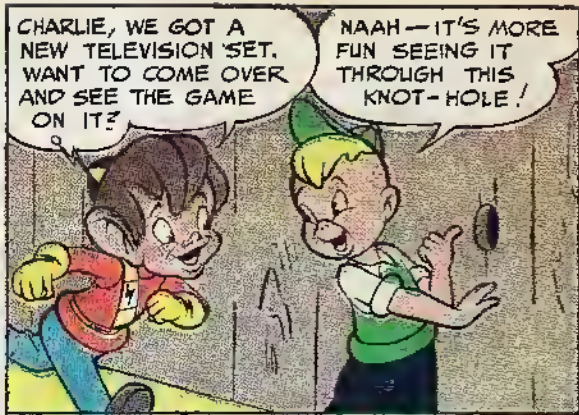




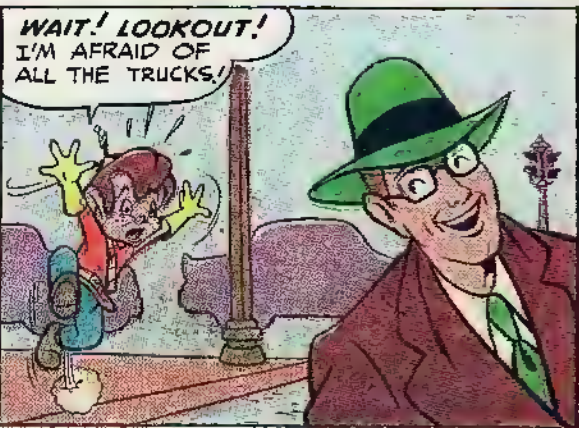
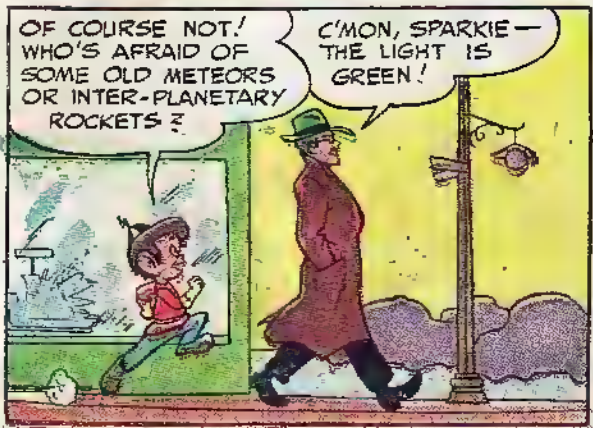
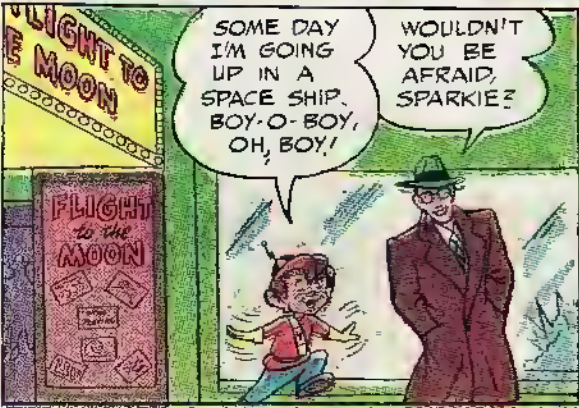
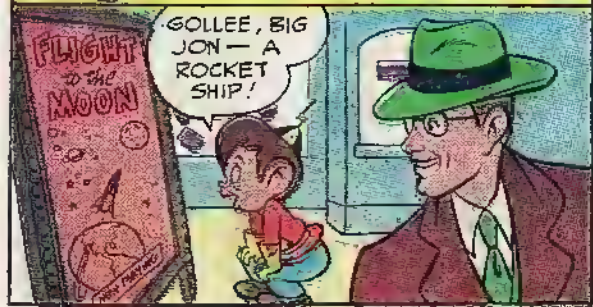




Big Jon & SPARKIE



Big Jon & SPARKIE



TWINKLE'S

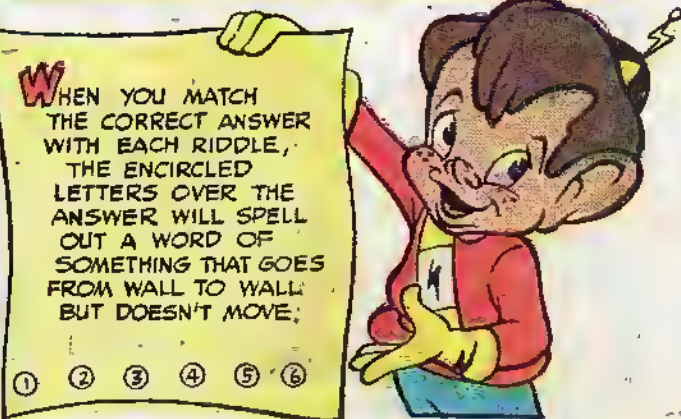
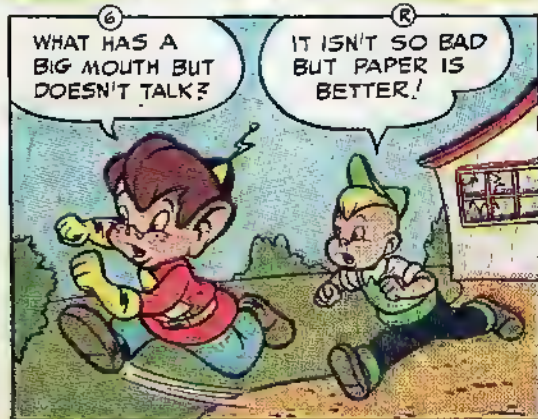
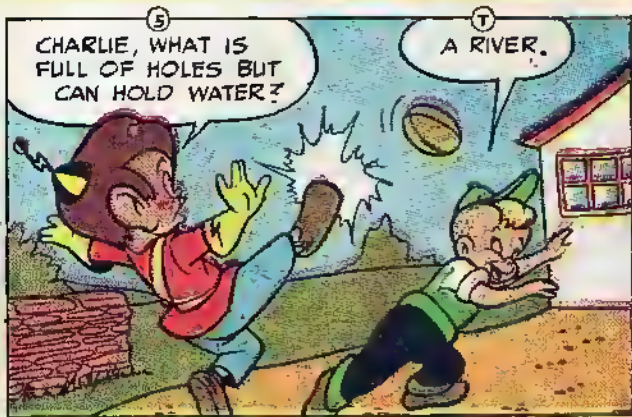
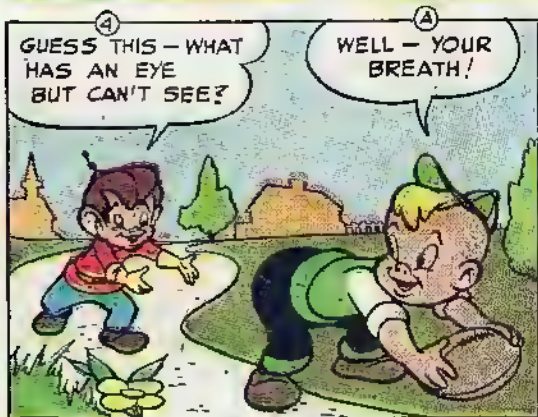
RIDDLE BAG

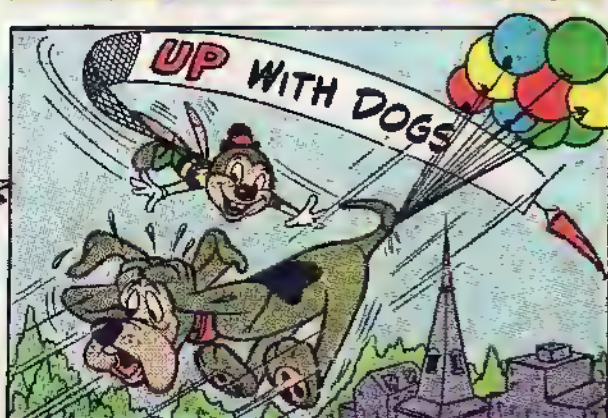
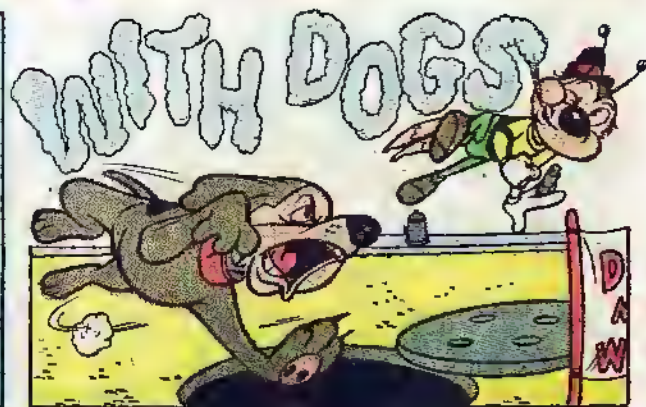
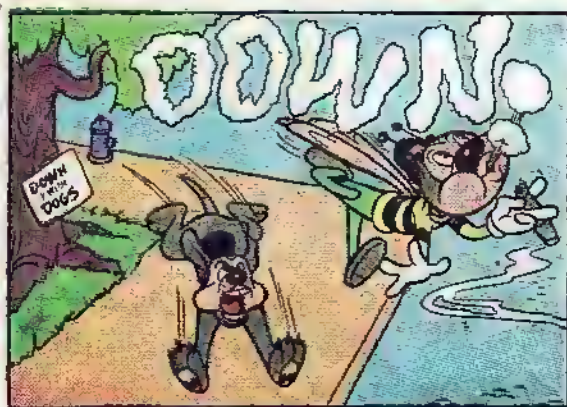
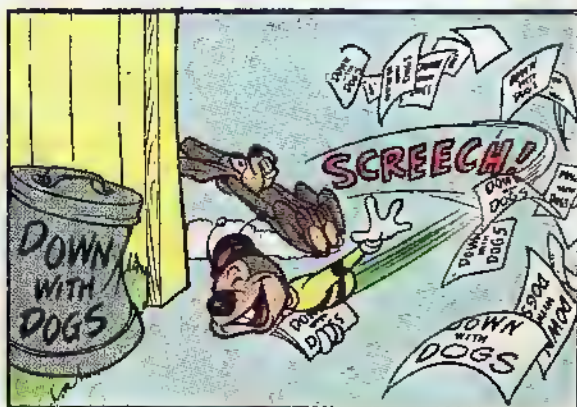
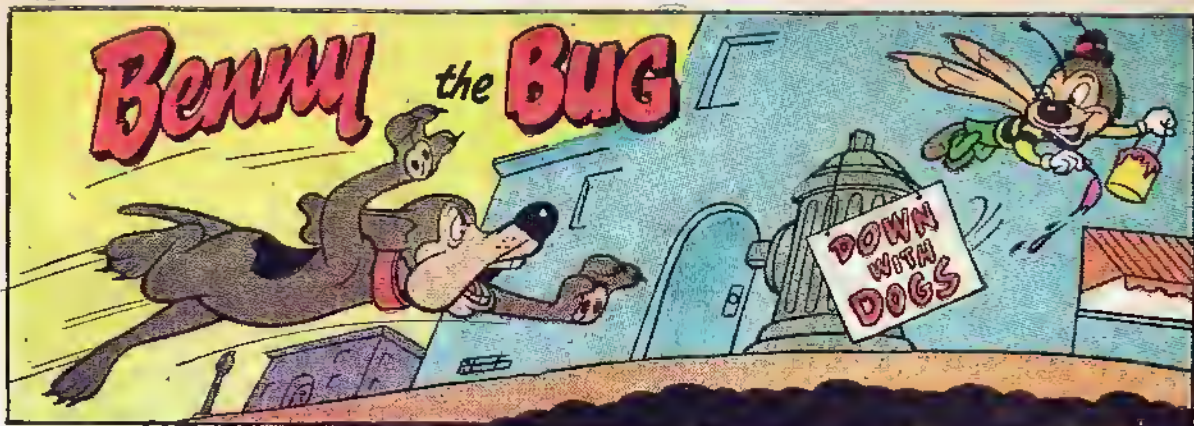
SPARKIE AND CHARLIE
ONCE AGAIN HAVE MIXED
THEIR RIDDLES AND
ANSWERS IN DIFFERENT
PANELS. CAN YOU
RE-ARRANGE THE
BALLOONS SO THAT
THE RIGHT ANSWER
FOLLOWS EACH RIDDLE?

BOYS and GIRLS:

SEND US YOUR FAVORITE
RIDDLES. THEY MAY BE
PRINTED ON THIS PAGE...

ADDRESS RIDDLES TO: SPARKIE 386 MADISON AVE. NY 17, N.Y.







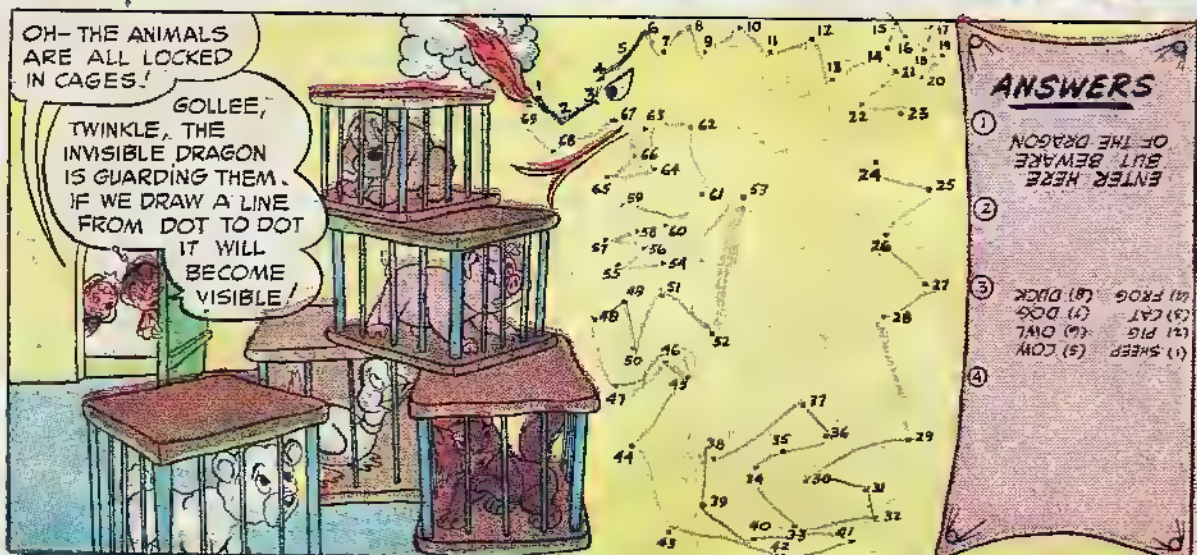
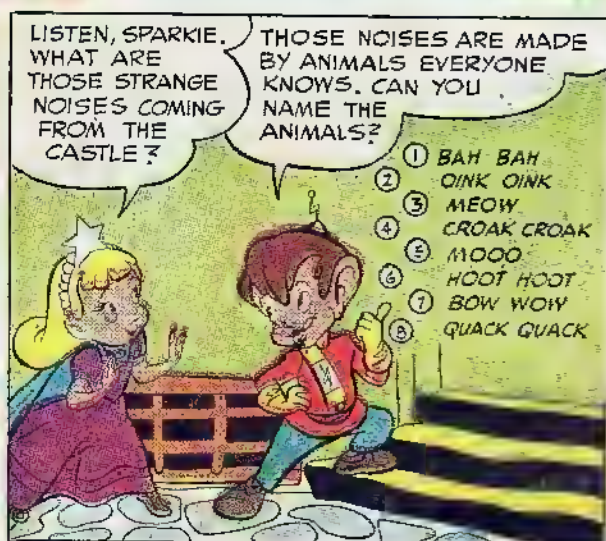
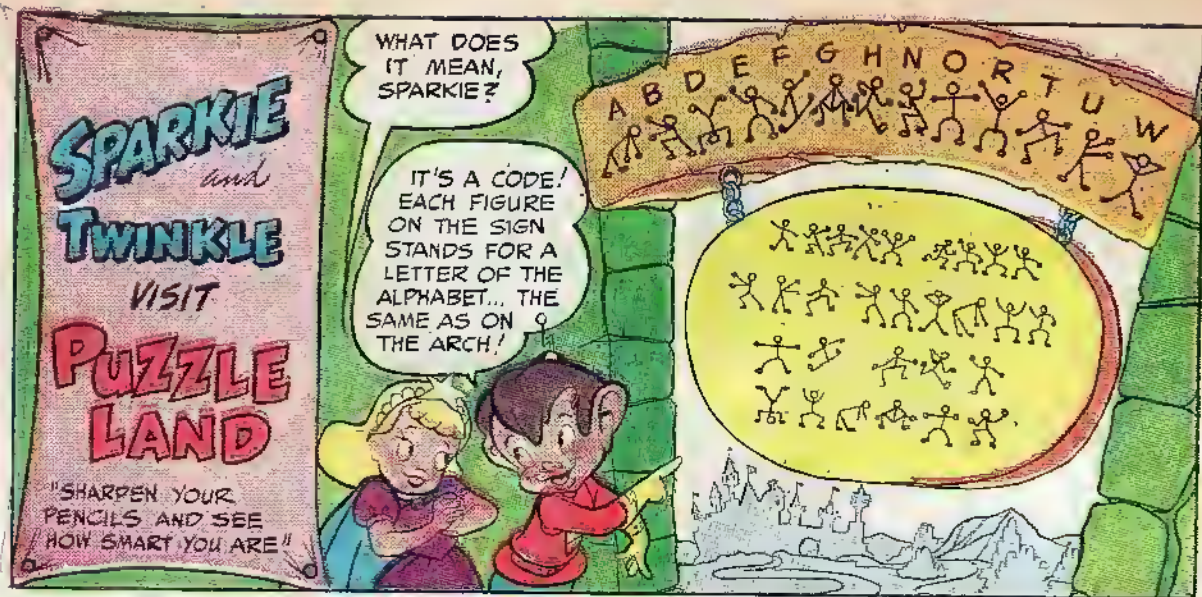
Hi, hello, there!

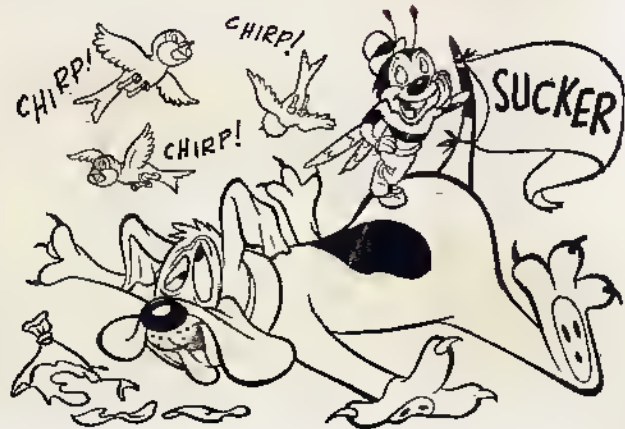
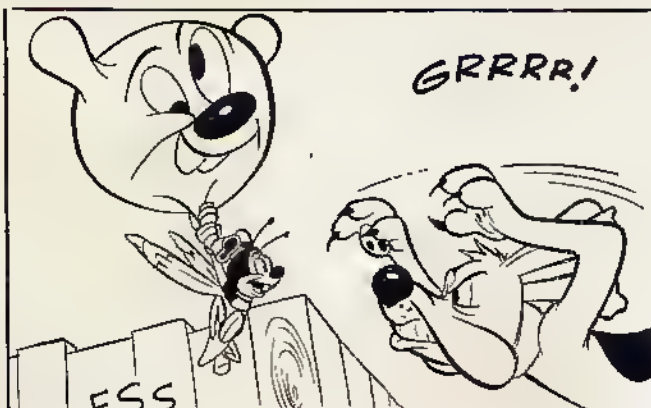
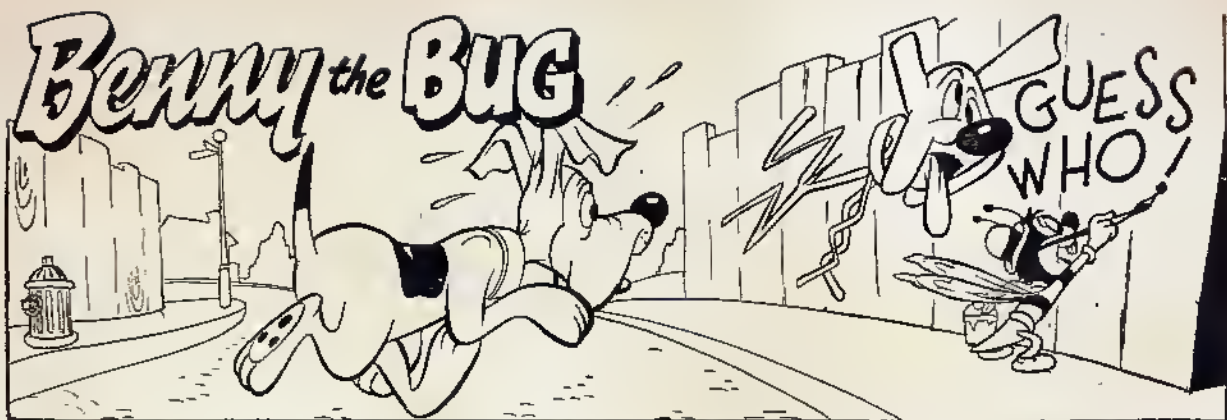
Thanks for all your wonderful letters on the first issue of my new SPARKIE comic book. Big Jon and I are too busy to answer everyone; so we decided to list the names of the boys and girls who sent in the first fifty letters. We'll do it for the next issue of SPARKIE, too. So hurry, hurry, and we'll get your name in print!

NAMES OF SPARKIE'S FRIENDS

Charles Kootsanis, Easton, Penna., Peter Cobelle, New Rochelle, N. Y., Peggy Shalla, Mission, Texas, Nicholas Smith, Bayside, N. Y., Carole Capeleto, Astoria, L.I., N. Y., Charles Cadley, Greenville, Tex., Bobby Wucherpfennig, Clinton, Iowa, Jean Anne Zimmer, Poland, Ohio, Kay Morris, Chesapeake City, Md., Mary Beth Hadley, Houston, Tex., Darlene Morrow, Mechanicsburg, Penna., Sharon Pearman, Largo, Fla., Jerry Jones, Corpus Christi, Tex., Chris Marvel, New York, N. Y., Betty Ann Horan, Brooklyn, N. Y., Veronica Clements, Belfast, Maine, Sally McLaughlin, Scranton, Penna., Billy Carter, Hampton Bays, N. Y., Lillian Brandel, Buffalo, N. Y., Michael Grotola, New York, N. Y., Audrey Somes, Brewster, Mass., Dorasene Bells, East Leroy, Mich., Ralph Retzger, Aliquippa, Penna., Carol Margeson, Hartford, Conn., Ann Marie, New York, N. Y., John Reilly, Woonsocket, R. I., Mary E. Berstler, Hamburg, Penna., Jane Hinkle, Lansing, Mich., James Panyard, Corning, N. Y., Michael Ritondo, Gloucester, Mass., Myra Kay Grizzell, St. Albans, W. Va., Ann Adnukat, Scranton, Penna., Natalie Cooperman, Brooklyn, N. Y., Don Braswell, New Boston, Tex., Charlene E. Terpfennig, Newburgh, N. Y., Joseph Caiola, Brooklyn, N. Y., Owa Norris, Wichita, Kans., Patty and Ricky Bauer, New York, N. Y., Sandra Frederick, Philadelphia, Penna., Richard Zneimer, Kingston, Penna., Ronald Gabel, Orange, N. J., Suzanne Alfrey, Savannah, Ga., Carol Goebel, Johnson City, Tenn., Carol Wenzel, Detroit, Mich., Charles and Patricia Campo, New York, N. Y., Carole Ann Boehm, Chicago, Illinois, Doetta Dunn, Brooklyn, N. Y., Susan Thorner, Bala Cynwyd, Penna., Mike Papley, Denver, Colorado, Stephen Polakowski, Holyoke, Mass.







Listen to BIG JON and SPARKIE
on **NO SCHOOL TODAY**

